World Review

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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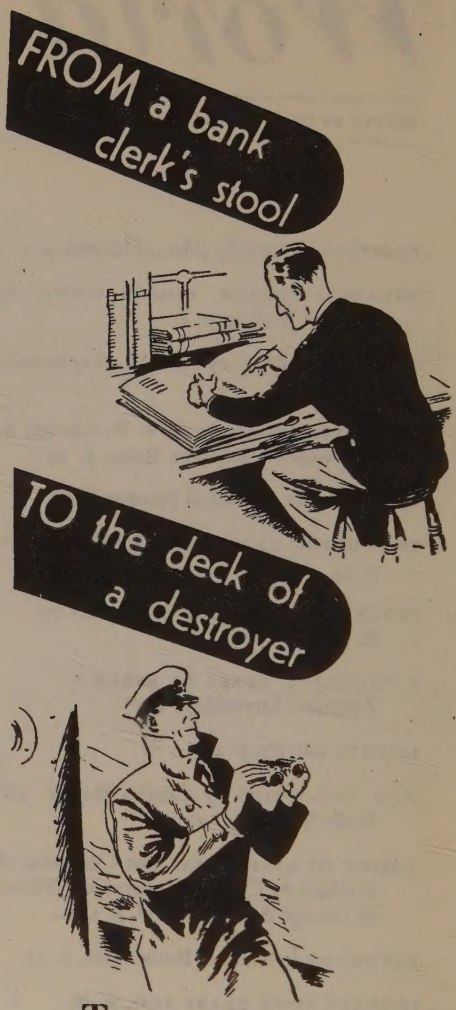
DID YOU READ . .

the following extract from the November issue of 'World Review', quoting the 'Review of Reviews' 50 years ago?

> 'If the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had been founded in the Middle Ages, it might possibly have claimed, with the infantile audacity of childlike faith, its association with the angels of the little ones of whom we read in the Gospel. It would have been the Holy Order of the Angelic Helpers, or, mayhap, the Holy Order of St. Benjamin under the protection of the Children's Angels. Its articles would have been approved by the Pope, its officers would have worn the distinctive garb of a religious fraternity, and Mr. Benjamin Waugh, instead of being Honorary Director of the Society, would have been the Father-General of the Order. Other times bring other customs, but the essentials remain unchanged, and in the growth of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, we see the same familiar phenomena that accompanied the foundation of the great charitable religious orders of the Middle Ages.'

Still doing wonderful work, the N.S.P.C.C. last year helped 103,352 children towards a happier life. It is entirely dependent on the goodwill of its friends. Are you already a helper? If not, will you become one? Gifts to help this great social work will be most gratefully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Spencer J. Portal, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2



The tang of the sea instead of the fogs of the city . . . *He's* one of the people who may no longer need

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

Nerve-Tonic Food

Thinking Aloud . . .

by EDWARD HULTON

THEY TELL US THE OLD OLD STORY!

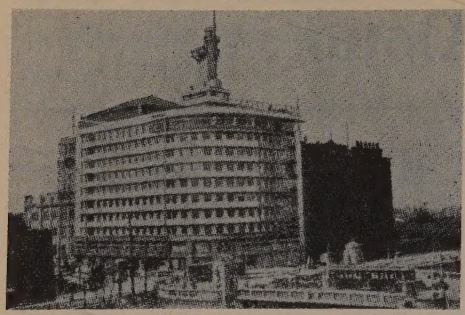
I WAS at the Club when the B.B.C. broadcast that the Japanese had suddenly bombed Pearl Harbour. A dramatic start! The next morning many of the dailies were back at their usual game. All the old familiar stops were pulled out; all the old banner headlines were taken down from the rack. Of course Japan was committing suicide. *Hara-kiri* was mentioned in every other line. Would it not have been better to have waited a little? Was it not very likely that the Japanese Government realised that they possessed very considerable strength? Though I still think that, in the long run, the Japanese secret societies are foolish as well as criminal to drag their country into the war. As with Italy, it must be in Japan's interest that Hitler should not triumph. How could Japan resist being overwhelmed by a Germany in command of the rest of the world? Gratitude for Japanese assistance, or displeasure at her failure to provide it, would hardly enter into German considerations.

THE SUN ALSO RISES

JAPAN has certainly had a unique history. It was only in the lifetime of the fathers of present Cabinet Ministers that the American Commodore Perry 'discovered' these islands in the midst of a kind of Gilbert and Sullivan feudal age. The Daimyos and Samurai were still walking about in armour. I am afraid that Western power-politics and *laisser-faire* methods of commerce have not taught the people of Nippon a very edifying lesson. Had the Western Powers behaved better it is possible that the better elements in Japanese society could have been fostered. As it was, Japan has tried to beat the Western Powers at their own game of building battleships against each other. Her merchants have striven to exceed the worst practices of our worst type of big business. The business man of Japan is a peculiarly unpleasant type. When 'discovered', Japan had practically no middle class, and the present commercial class are new and nasty. The Samurai —Japan's Knights—who possessed some of the traditions of our chivalry about the period of the Wars of the Roses—have faded away.

Learning that I had travelled in Japan some people have asked me what the Japanese are really like. I don't know. It is impossible for tripper or traveller to understand in a short space a people so fundamentally different from ourselves. It is wiser to mark the views of those who have made a more prolonged study. I can only write of the superficial picture.

The first impression I had was of great courage. As we approached Yokohama a terrific storm tossed our luxury liner. Gazing from the deck, I noticed a diminutive Japanese fishing boat practically overwhelmed by the great waves. But it was not making for the shore. Its tinpot engine was urging it into the open sea. On arrival at the great port, I had to submit to considerable questioning from the police. They expressed deep interest



Like the Daily Express! The 'Nichi Nichi' office, Tokio, completed ten years after the 1923 earthquake

in the status and habits of my grandmother, and pressed me to provide them with a short *exposé* of my political views before I was permitted to set foot ashore.

BAMBOO BAMBOOZLE

As soon as I got on land I could not help noticing the very extraordinary contrast to be seen everywhere between East and West, ancient and modern. Yokohama is quite a modern looking port with big stone buildings. Japan is not all wooden by the way. Since the earthquake it has been illegal to build otherwise than in stone in big cities. The centre of Tokio is rather like Regent Street. The Imperial Hotel is ultra-modern in style. Some of the Press seem to convey the idea that all we had to do was to charge into the bamboo dwellings of the Nipponese with the bayonet! It remains true, of course, that the capital has very large outlying areas built of wood. And the villages of Japan are wooden. Rural Japan is still exactly as it was depicted in the coloured prints of Hiroshige, or as it appears to the fancy of the average Western child. Extremely pretty, with gentle extinct volcanic hills which somehow suggest that they are draped with dark green velvet. In the distance you hope to see the white cone —perfect before the earthquake—of Fuji-yama—or Fuji mountain. The Japs actually call it Fuji-San or Honourable Fuji.

At the docks of Yokohama there are lines of modern taxis. There are also lines of rickshaw men in dark blue tights with large hats like enormous toadstools on their heads, exactly like a chorus in the Mikado. Similar contrasts abound in Tokio itself. The people, most of whom wear the *kimono*, look very comical flitting about amongst the great stone buildings, and particularly when getting on to a tram. The whole scene suggests a permanent fancy dress party or charade.

On the whole the combination of modern efficiency and ancient picturesqueness is rather pleasing. The visitor gets the same impression of superficial bustle and efficiency as in all the Fascist countries. The trains run to time. Even if the careless visitor mislays some personal article, on application for it, it miraculously reappears. I left my hat in a remote village. I had no sooner made inquiries about it than it turned up again in the most uncanny fashion. There is much formal politeness.

The Japanese affect to despise our culture and our Christian religion, whilst imitating our warlike and commercial habits. After a day in the 'City' in a rather ill-fitting European suit the Japanese business man will often retire into the enveloping folds of his *kimono*. Most men see to it that their wives and daughters wear native dress. This reminds them of their duties and subordinate status, and knocks out of their head any nonsense they may have imbibed in American or British schools! However, the traditional way of dressing the hair is not often seen now, and Japanese women have joined their Western sisters in their slavery to the *Diktats* of the modern professional hairdresser.

野毛の眺望

CLASSICAL BEAUTY
The old-style coiffure and maquilage. Kimono with a tight belt, stiffened with cardboard. Virtuous ladies wear the bow at the back, except on one island

BOMBS AND BLONDES

THE Japanese inform us that they cannot be impressed with Christianity if it has not restrained the production of battleships and bombs, and unscrupulous business methods—also equally unscrupulous blondes with deplorable morals. Their own morals, however, do not appear to be exalted; though it is not easy to discover their point of view. Their religion, or religions, certainly take a different view of what we should call prostitution. Though *geishas* are merely singing girls, many of whom are highly respectable. Other activities are carried on in Tokio in the Special Area known as Yoshiwara. A Government licence is obligatory; though there are alleged to be a large number of non-licensees. It is a hard task to make a Japanese understand that our habits and customs are somewhat different. One asked me: 'How big is your red light district in London?'

The people of Nippon are probably natural-born Fascists. They do not exist as individuals. Everybody has to refer the smallest question to his family, his Government, or his secret society. In fact they seem to have marched straight from a primitive sort of communism and feudalism into Nazism. When I was in the country, and British people were somewhat more innocent about the true nature of Fascist tendencies throughout the world, it was very fashionable to admire all this efficiency, discipline and super-patriotism. It was the habit to contrast it with the alleged slackness, dirtiness and general decadence, anarchy and banditry prevailing in China.

CHINA IS NEWS AT LAST !

SINCE then Chiang Kai-Shek has come more and more to the front. We should be grateful indeed to this man. Western treatment of China has been neither humane, honest, nor wise. China might have been goaded into becoming another Japan or have fallen into complete anarchy. She has to-day a fair prospect of becoming one of the four great pillars of freedom and progress in the world. Nevertheless, as a Chinaman said the other day at the British Association, we must look out. We are apt to take China for granted. When we don't need her she becomes a bore, in fact 'not news'. When we do need her she is expected automatically to spring to our assistance. Certainly if Chiang Kai-Shek had not been on the scene our position in the Far East would have been a good deal more perilous even than it is to-day. He at once attacked the Japanese in Canton from the West and from the East, greatly relieving the situation in hard-pressed Hongkong.

We forget that there remain various questions outstanding with China. There are the problems of 'extra-territoriality', and special British Law Courts, etc., the 'Chinese Maritime Customs', and debts, and the foreign 'settlements' and 'concessions'. There is Shanghai and Hongkong, to say nothing of Macao. Personally I don't see why we should not keep Hongkong. It is an island, and before our arrival was entirely barren and well-nigh uninhabited. But there must remain no trace of colonial status for the Chinese. We must welcome them as full partners.

Kendo, the old stick fencing of Japan. On the left — Noma Torao, famous champion

Fuji-San, seen from the Pacific shore

On the right, Mr. Amau, Foreign Office Press Officer, with foreign journalists. Glamour girls in attendance

Typical Spartan home. The Tea Ceremony is a serious ritual

The Kanda, the Latin Quarter of Tokio. Students wear ugly State uniform, à la française

A CENTURY OF FUTILITY

THE Anglo-Japanese Alliance seems in retrospect to have been a major blunder from the word go! In fact another example of the determination of our Foreign Office to be clever rather than wise. Nothing was better calculated to exacerbate relations between Britain and America. Indeed the whole history of our relations with America since the War of Independence forms one long story of the complete lack of imagination of our successive Foreign Secretaries. There was nothing of substance to prevent the two countries from being comrades from the start. Instead of which, neither the British nor the American Foreign Offices made any reasonable attempt to come together. For many years the United States was represented only by a Minister, and had no Ambassador at the Court of St. James. The silly legend that the British and Americans were some kind of hereditary enemies was allowed to persist, and was kept alive by a completely wrong education curriculum in both countries.

PLEASE KEEP AWAKE!

OUR authorities must not imagine that now the United States is in the war the question of propaganda to America is mercifully closed, and they can return their feet to the mantelpiece. Greater efforts are needed than ever before. Physical communication between the two countries is becoming more difficult instead of less. We have a lot in common. But there is a lot which we have not got in common. Our political and other institutions are quite different. Pronouncements once wrung from British officials bind their Government and, to a great extent, its successors. Their main fault is that they 'won't talk', or arouse themselves to any degree from their mental lethargy and lack of imagination. American officials are cheery fellows and talk a lot. But their promises don't bind anybody. This is not their fault. It is merely part of the American system. British officials returning to the States are often horrified to discover that the officials with whom they have reached agreement have been replaced. The new ones are apt to accept any concessions which the British have made, whilst in regard to concessions which their side has made they want to begin all over again, and our people have to trot out all the old arguments *de novo*. This is sometimes rather a strain.

Again we must not assume that Roosevelt and the New Dealers have got it all their own way in the States. The New Dealers are a small band of brothers; they are also supported by the working class. Large numbers of business men, great and small, are bitterly opposed to them. American business has quite a different idea of democracy from ours. It is still greatly under the sway of *laissez faire* ideas which seem very old-fashioned here. It is inclined to think that we are already practically Communists or Bolsheviki.

NO APPEASEMENT!

WHEN I repeat that we must not appease the Americans I do not mean it in an insulting way. The Americans, like

all reasonable beings, do not want to be appeased, and can only feel contempt for any person or Government which tries it. It is better to get into a row at the start. Then both sides know where they are, and afterwards can have the pleasure of making friends again. 'The quarrels of lovers promote the renewal of love', Horace discovered quite a time back. Unfortunately our Foreign Office does not venture to employ the word 'boo' to a goose—or even to an Iranian! They threaten to let misunderstandings get to such a pitch with the Americans that there really will be a sanguinary show-down, after which happy relations will not easily be restored.

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

THE Americans are much more interested in post-war problems than we are. Our Government's refusal to think up some war aims irritates them to the core, apart from plunging our own people into the deepest gloom. What is going to be the character of international trade after the war? If each country is going to think in terms of trade balances we shall get nowhere, and production will be mightily restricted everywhere, leading to colossal unemployment and general chaos. Trade balances will have to be ignored, and countries must try to trade as if the world were one, which as a matter of fact it is. The Americans will have to find employment for the vast new plants and factories which they are now constructing. It will pay them to lease-lend capital goods, i.e. plant and factories, to devastated Europe and to primitive China and India, in order to raise the purchasing power of these peoples. The same goes for us. We shall need to have enormous exports after the war. The European countries will have to be set up economically according to their needs, and not from any sentimental point of view. Where countries such as France have got gold reserves in U.S.A., these can be set off, because they will be able to purchase a certain amount of goods.

Politically, it is the problem of Germany. Lord Vansittart, in his new *The Roots of it All*, seems to think he is helping, but he is merely generating heat where it is essential that there should be cool and calm thinking. Germany must be integrated into Europe, and this had better begin sooner rather than later. This solution is difficult, but it is less difficult than any other solution. The planes and tanks to preserve peace must be in the name of some kind of international or federal authority at first controlled by Britain.

America is now in the war. I want the M.O.I. to understand clearly that this does not mean that we have sold her the idea of concerning herself with Europe in the subsequent peace. There exists a popular idea that Britain is to constitute a kind of link button, federated to Europe and also to America. But if America will not interest herself in European affairs still less is she likely to come to Britain's aid merely on Britain's certificate that there is trouble in Europe and that U.S. forces must be landed. One of our chief tasks is to show the Americans that even in their own interests they must realise that the world is one and indivisible.

THE TRAGIC LESSON

I HOPE everybody will read Harold Butler's *The Lost Peace*. The British Winant—he was long chief of the I.L.O.—has written a clear and attractive summary of our long series of mistakes after the last war. The story is an old one, but we do not yet know it any too well; and the facts and opinions coming from a man

of his experience are more than worthy of study. Remember the lesson is: 'No breaking of the law to be tolerated!' Actually the Poles were the first to break the law when Zeligovski seized Vilna, the alleged capital of Lithuania. This must not happen again! Some people still seem to imagine that the phrase, Collective Security, sounds absurd. As Churchill shouted some time before the war in the Commons to the futile followers of Alderman Neville Chamberlain, 'The only thing absurd about it is that we haven't got it.'

PRODUCTION STILL VITAL

I DON'T think I can offer any apology for mentioning production again. It is the vital problem. Unfortunately, judging from the Prime Minister's speech, the Government seem to think that it is merely a question of the bare numbers engaged in industry. They appear to have forgotten about organisation altogether. I am sorry, however, to notice that there is still so much obsession in some quarters with 'Nationalisation'. This blessed word is becoming a shibboleth which is providing many Left-Wingers with an excuse not to think. What is wanted is more real democracy in industry, more Works Councils, etc., better representation of a frustrated people in Parliament—it is monstrous that M.P.s should go into the Army—and, above all, more organisation, ensured by a single Minister of Production, and better management. The 1941 Committee is putting forward an appeal for a more vital democracy in this country. Sir Richard Acland, aristocratic apoplectic apocalyptic, has been crushed.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE

EVERYONE mourns the brave men who went down in *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse*. Most naval officers believe that it were better if the Commander-in-Chief remained ashore, as in the Mediterranean. In this case he would get a clearer picture of operations, and not feel that gallantry forbade him to retire his ship. On the other hand, some think that the Home Fleet is too much under the immediate control of the Admiralty.

Whilst it were absurd to follow some Jeremiahs in their predictions that now all our capital ships are doomed, there seems some ground for the belief that our naval architects have scornfully refused to consider new ideas for anti-torpedo bulges and the like successfully adopted by the French fleet, and are in fact somewhat out of date.

GENUINE GOOD NEWS

THE Press, which had announced a National Japanese *hara-kiri*, rushed to the other extreme when our two ships went down. Russia went off the front page altogether. The Russian advance was really important. Authorities say that the Germans doubled the number of troops they put into the assault, and then failed to carry the day. As a consequence they are suffering from serious shortage of men all along the front. It is also said that the German statisticians made a real howler in computing the strength of the Russians. It is even said that they left out of account a hundred Russian divisions.

THIS MONTH'S GOSSIP

OVERHEARD by me in the Strand (cross my heart!): 'What! wear pyjamas with a war on?'

Bouarfa—Horror under Vichy

by COLWYN BECKETT

A number of girls have left a war factory in England because they could not face a walk of one-and-a-half miles to their work in wet weather. Certainly one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

Colwyn Beckett is a pseudonym, covering the identity of a Central European journalist who, after having endured Vichy's North African hell, managed to escape into neutral territory. His story has been carefully checked and must be considered absolutely authentic

THE EDITOR

THE Trans-Saharian Railway will be built!—Vichy fanfared to the world in the autumn of 1940. What the worn-out hated Democratic Governments of the past could but blabber about, *we* are going to *do:* a railway starting from Colomb Béchar, leading as far as Timbuctu and Gao, connecting the Mediterranean with the Gulf of Guinea, crossing endless waste and desolation. A colossal task, a gigantic enterprise, worthy of the new era of regenerated France. Transport Minister Berthelot had left for Africa to complete the arrangements. Work would start at once.

Despite all this tragi-comical hullabaloo, a grave doubt was left in the minds of those acquainted with the technicalities of the question. After all, had it been her democratic respect for public liberties and human dignity that had prevented France from building that railway? Had it not been the fact that absolutely nothing could make it a paying proposition? Its financing had proved too much for the peace-time prosperity of a rich Empire; how was it forthcoming now, with millions of French literally starving? When even the cheapest native labour, available on the spot in abundance, could never make ends meet: had labour been found now that worked for nothing?

Yes, it had. Free labour had been found that would slave in the killing heat of the days, shiver in the biting frost of the nights, white labour that would batter its way across the God-forsaken wilderness. Towards the Valley of the Niger, that corner of the earth where the hated Democratic Governments of two Continents have struggled for a hundred and fifty years to abolish Negro slavery, the railway is being built by white men who, in the twentieth century, have come to experience slavery in its most abject, most unscrupulous, most inhuman form —and they are the same white men who, in September 1939, had been fêted as heroes in the streets of Paris when, though only foreigners, they had responded to the first call, and come forward ready to die for France.

The track now under construction

runs some ninety miles from Bouarfa to Kenadsa, following the southernmost end of the frontier line between Morocco and Algeria. A region where less than half a century ago Maréchal Lyautey fought his long-drawn-out single-handed battles against the indomitable Berber tribes of the Bou Amama, it is still in the 'Zone of Military Occupation'. Accordingly nobody is allowed to go near it without a special permit which, however, is unobtainable. The Bouarfa mystery is intended to remain a mystery.

It is a gently undulating country of stones and sand, with no vegetation but one or two half-dried-up bushes of cacti, and doum-palms a foot high; a landscape of indescribable desolation steaming in the tropical noon-day heat. For most of the year the heat of the day is deadly, the nights are bitterly cold; in a camp alongside the track the mercury dropped from 96°F. at 3 p.m. to 19°F. at 3 a.m. In all seasons, almost every afternoon, a storm rages that fills mouth, nose and eyes with the sand of the desert; breathing becomes agony, seeing impossible; without goggles nobody could think of moving about in the open. When the rains come, empty oueds fill with torrential floods within minutes, depressions change into lakes.

The track between Bouarfa and Kenadsa has been divided up into sections of six miles, each worked by a group of volunteers. Tents four yards square are their lodgings; ten, twelve, or even more men share a tent. At midday these tents are real furnaces; they are no protection from the biting cold of the nights; in the rainy season they get flooded; sandstorms break them to matchwood. When night falls there is no light, apart from that of the stars. In the wet months it is easy to find a puddle in which to wash; in the dry season there are no puddles.

The volunteers wear the statutory uniform of the French Foreign Legion, hanging from them in shreds. New clothing, when requested by divisional headquarters from the outfitting centre of the 'Troupe du Maroc' in Meknes, was refused by the latter with the explanation that the volunteers are no longer on the active list of the Legion. A few of them only possess a 'shesh', a thin scarf to be wound round the head for protection of ears, mouth and nose against flying sand. Their only bedding consists of two thin rugs, too coarse to be endured next the skin, and utterly inadequate in the intense cold of the winter nights.

The food consists of some soup for breakfast; meat, vegetables, bread and watery wine for lunch; fish and bread in the evening. The vegetables are half rotten, the meat tough mutton every day, and the cooking is done with rancid oil; food poisoning, in varying degrees of seriousness, is an everyday affair. The railway company—for which the Legion act as contractors—pay the latter thirty francs a day per head; the volunteers get one franc sixty a day; for specialised work or with certain 'extras' due for overtime, the pay may go up to as much as three francs; the difference is supposed to be spent on the food supplied, but as the value of the meals actually provided can in no circumstances exceed twelve to fifteen francs a day, only Colonel Thomas, commander of the Bouarfa Camp, could account for the balance.

The bugle calls at 6 a.m.—pitch-dark night during the winter months. The work goes on from 7 to 11 a.m., and from 1 to 6 p.m. Idling is out of the question. The gaolers—ordinary soldiers of the Legion—are not inhuman, but the system behind them is. Captain Putz, from January to April 1941 in charge of

the Bouarfa Camp, made a sincere effort to conduct this slave-drivers' business with a humane touch; it was no surprise to anybody when he was suddenly recalled, and the old rule of senseless cruelty reinstated.

During working hours no volunteer can take a moment's rest. Sitting down, even leaning on the spade-shaft is punished; the penalty for laggards is loss of four to eight days' meat for the first offence, of four to eight days' pay for the second; the next stage is four to eight days' imprisonment, involving the loss of pay, meat, wine and cigarettes. In February 1941, Volunteers L. (a Roumanian dentist) and S. (a manufacturer from Lodz, Poland) got two weeks' imprisonment for sheltering behind a rock during a sandstorm which, in the end, compelled the command to order all outside work to be suspended for three days. On the 1st December 1940, Volunteers H. (before the war a jockey on the famous Maisons Laffitte racecourse, near Paris), S. (a Transylvanian doctor), E. (ex-University student from Brno, Moravia) and F. (once manager of a flour-mill in Vienna) were working in pouring rain until, late in the afternoon, the water in the trench made all work impossible; nevertheless, Sergeant P. forced them at the point of his gun to stay on. When the flood had risen above their waists the four men, disregarding the Sergeant's threats and abuse, scrambled out and ran the fifteen miles to the barracks without stopping; they got only one week, because next morning all had to be admitted to hospital, three with malaria, S. with pneumonia.

It is not easy, however, to be admitted to hospital. The most common complaints—sunstroke, food poisoning, dysentery, malaria, rheumatic fever—do not impress the doctor at all. Volunteer L., a Hungarian who, before the war, had a flourishing necktie manufacturing business in Paris, reported to him that he was spitting blood; his reply was: 'What else do you idiots expect to spit? Gold? Diamonds?' Nine out of ten patients lining up for the doctor in the morning are invariably sent back to work with the words: 'This is not a sanatorium.' On the 17th March 1941, *all* were sent back *without* examination: 'To-day work is particularly urgent—illnesses are suspended!' Volunteer O., too, a jeweller from Milan, had to go on working with a temperature that must have been well over 100°F.; in the afternoon he collapsed, and a week later died of pneumonia. On the 13th May, Volunteer W.—a bank clerk from Bessarabia who had enlisted with his brother—was working with six men on a hillside, when suddenly the ground began to run away from under his feet, and the next moment he was buried under tons of sand and earth. Volunteers R. and S. (a student from Vienna and a merchant from Cologne) were allowed to dig him out; it took them two hours. Despite his desperate begging to be permitted to help them, W.'s brother was ordered away. In the Bouarfa Camp the doctor refused to arrange for W.'s transportation by lorry, or by the staff car, to the base hospital at Oudjda, so in great pain he had to wait for the train next day, and by the time he reached hospital his wound had become septic; in the end his leg had to be amputated, first above the ankle, then above the knee. Altogether he spent two months in hospital, and during all this time his brother, half-crazy with anxiety, was allowed to go and see him—*once*.

With very few exceptions, these men are quite unfitted for the work they have to do. Coming mostly from the

professions or from shops, offices or commercial occupations, with a strong admixture of Jews among them, they are utterly unused to all physical exertion. Work is allotted regardless of the bodily condition of the individuals; only those considered 'less dangerous elements' (non-Jews usually) are given comparatively easy jobs at the 'hinterland' centres of Berguent and Colomb Béchar.

The older men, and those who quite obviously would never survive a week's toiling at the pace set for the rest, can be seen sitting on the ground in a barbed-wire enclosure on a rocky plateau near the Bouarfa barracks. Wearing goggles, reinforced by wire netting against flying stone splinters, they have stones between their knees, hammers in their hands, and a few 'mokhasny' (native policemen) hurrying them on. They are envied by those constructing the railway, who have to fight a soil hard as rock in the dry season, a quagmire when the rains come. In April 1941, three days of raging sand-storm heaped dunes four and five feet high on top of work which had taken weeks; by the time all of it had been dug out again and work re-started, the ravages of ten days of torrential rains followed; section 7 had to wade first knee-deep, then breast-deep in the water that, in the end, grew into a flood, filled the trench, swept away tools, men, and finally the tents too. Not until the eighth day was the section allowed to return to the base camp at Bouarfa.

A few days' respite at Bouarfa is what all dream of, while slaving in the desert. The village is no more than a dozen or so pitiable Berber huts built of leaves, boughs and rusty sheets of tin, strewn untidily astride an uneven road. Five miles to the east, the barracks of the volunteers to the Legion stand on the edge of an abysmal ravine; and further on, quite apart, is the stone-house of the 'Intendance'. The barracks, built in the summer of 1939 by anti-Fascist refugees of the Spanish Civil War, with the loyal support of the Daladier Government, are well constructed and tidy, provided with proper beds and even a bathroom. Many of the Spanish are still there. When the first transports of the volunteers arrived, the Spanish did all they could to help the volunteers over the agony of the first days, unheeding Colonel Thomas's continued harangues against the 'Jewish capitalists'—whom, in turn, he tried to incite against the Spanish 'Communist criminals'.

Beds and a bath are about all Bouarfa affords in the way of luxury apart from the village 'pub' with a counter 2 yards in length, and a stone-house containing four old Berber women who receive native visitors throughout the week, but are 'at home' on Sundays 2–5 p.m. for the volunteers, and 5–7 p.m. for the Spanish, on which occasions the men have to queue up in front of the house, and are guarded throughout by two armed 'mokhasny'. In theory the volunteers are also given, from time to time, three-day furloughs to spend in Oudjda or Marakesh, but only those in possession of at least 1000 francs in cash may apply, and even then ways and means are always found to withhold permission.

The total number of these lost souls is about 9,000. Originally scattered over Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco, all are now being brought up to the Bouarfa-Kenadsa district. In official Vichy statistics of the 'detained' they are never included; they are not prisoners, and not in concentration camps, but 'supernumerary Legionnaires who have agreed to being employed on the construction of the Trans-Saharian'. As foreigners,

and therefore ineligible for service in the army, they had been drafted, in September 1939, into the Foreign Legion and sent down to Africa for a course of instruction. Since their engagement was for service during the war only, they should have been demobilised after the armistice; Vichy, however, thought otherwise. The Italo-German armistice commission decreed that no alien between sixteen and sixty was to leave the country; Vichy decreed that the free dispersal over North Africa of such dangerous elements was not to be permitted—their being dangerous was proved by their having volunteered to fight against Nazism—and both were making ready for dealing with them as they deserved. In July 1940, however, very little of all this had yet been guessed by the volunteers.

Their instruction suspended, themselves distributed between the various centres of the Legion, they were put to work levelling ground, mending roads, loading and unloading trucks and lorries. They had wanted to fight for freedom, and had joined up with the French. The next thing they knew was that the French had joined up with those who were about to enslave the whole world, and had delivered them up, bound hands and feet, to their worst enemies. Some of this they had begun dimly to gather in the course of the autumn. In Mediouna Camp, near Casablanca, Major B., of the old school, took leave of them with the words: 'Boys, you've behaved wonderfully—France will never forget you!' but a few days later Sergeant-Major T., of the new school, addressed them as 'Scum of the earth! You wanted to be fed by the Legion, didn't you? Now you'll have to swallow what we choose to give you, and as long as it pleases us!'

The Germans in the Legion behaved as 'big boys'. Criminals who, ten, fifteen years earlier, had to flee from the 'Fatherland' and had lived as outcasts ever since, now assumed the bearing of Gestapo bosses, preached Nazism and darkly hinted at an 'avenging tomorrow'. Vichy had decreed that the 14th July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, hitherto a day of national rejoicing, was henceforth to be observed as a day of national mourning; at El Hayeb Camp, at the midday parade, with all standing to attention and the band playing Beethoven's *Marche Funèbre*, the Germans kept whistling the *Wacht am Rhein* as loudly as they could, almost drowning the music; nobody dared to order them away.

In November 1940, the old identity cards with the description of the bearers as 'Prestataire militaire' (military volunteer) were exchanged for new ones in which their description was altered to 'Prestataire' (voluntary worker); the difference between the two cards was skilfully camouflaged; those who asked questions were told something about 'certain clauses in the armistice treaty'. Everybody was made to sign a receipt for the new cards, and in the possession of these receipts Vichy considered they had kept within the law.

From December 1940, onwards, the volunteers were transported to Bouarfa in complete trainloads; not one of them knew what was awaiting him. The scenes that took place upon arrival in Bouarfa are indescribable; mass-hysteria broke out, some shouted and screamed like mad, others belaboured the walls with their fists, others ran up and down raving; prior to each arrival machine-guns were put into position, and the 'mokhasny' were issued with hand-grenades; the doctor was busy giving

injections for hours. 'We've been sold like cattle!' was the desperate refrain in the evening; bearded men were seen crying like children. Next morning apathy was usually complete; the men lined up for roll-call without a word and silently started out for their camps in the desert.

And now they do all they can to get free. Vichy said that a volunteer who had got a job would be demobilised; but it knew that decrees prohibited the employment of any alien who had arrived in North Africa after the 31st August 1939. It also said that demobilisation was to be granted on the basis of a 'certificat d'hebergement' (a private person's undertaking to provide the volunteer with board and lodging); but there is not a single case on record of any such decent man willing to help a poor devil being accepted as adequate sponsor. Freedom was finally promised to those who could prove the possession of 10,000 francs in cash; but Vichy was aware that these outcasts, despoiled of everything by repeated invasions and flights, had no money at all.

Six sums of 10,000 francs, remitted by relatives in the regular way to Divisional Headquarters, were stolen by the cashier and the comptroller, together with all the documents referring to the cases; the two men, found out, were arrested, but the money was lost, and the six volunteers never got free. The wife, living in Switzerland, of Volunteer F. (an ex-lawyer from Bratislava, Slovakia), sent 20,000 francs, but release was refused by Capt. Duclos of Bouarfa, after three months, on the grounds of suspicion of espionage—against the wife! Applications for demobilisation were discouraged, even brutally suppressed; between July and September 1940, in Mediouna Camp, Sergeant Krumenauer ordered every applicant for release to walk in full marching equipment round and round an enclosure eight yards in circumference until, in the blazing sunshine, he collapsed.

Volunteers H., D. and Sf. (a Yugoslavian from Snivice, an ex-insurance clerk from Poland, and a dentist from Bukovina) had to be sent to hospital with 'maniac depression'; Volunteer Z., a company director from Breslau, is in a lunatic asylum in Algiers. All are living in a nightmare; they turn around helplessly, blinded by sunglare and flying sand, broken by hard work and brutality, a prey to tantalising memories. They have gradually given up writing home; nothing worth while could be written, anyway: it wouldn't get through the censor, and those at home wouldn't understand. Children and wives, parents, brothers, sisters, freedom, vocation, the meaning of life keep slipping away from them, farther and farther. There is nothing to hope for; according to the only news they are getting, the Nazis have as much as won the war and are reshaping the world to their own pattern from Madrid to Tokio; it is, perhaps, as well for them to stay where they are; they have nowhere else to go.

Rebellion seems to have broken out only once, quite soon after the arrival of the first batch in Bouarfa. Following days of despair, after a period of hasty whispered conferences, four sections downed tools; a delegation went to see Colonel Thomas and told him that 'they were war-volunteers and not slaves' and that they were determined not to go on with the work, not even for five times their wages, adding that 'they preferred the firing squad at once to the slow death awaiting them along the railway tracks.' After a day of fruitless negotiations, machine-guns and hand-grenades made

their appearance. Volunteer Farkas, a Hungarian giant, considered the instigator of the whole affair, and twenty-four 'ring-leaders' were taken away by lorries to a penal settlement (where they had to work without any pay), and the rest submitted and went back into the desert without further disturbance.

The number of those running away goes into hundreds. From the camps themselves, flight is almost impossible, but half of those going on furlough never return. Until March 1941, Casablanca was a fairly safe asylum for the fugitives, for Commander N., then Police Chief of the town, refused to convict them; he was rumoured to have said: 'What more punishment could one inflict on a poor devil coming from Bouarfa?' The fugitives knew that at the very first opportunity they must send their uniform back to Bouarfa; those failing to do so played into the hands of the Police, who could then proceed against them on the grounds of 'vol d'effectif' (theft of state property). In March, Commander N. was transferred to Kuripka, a filthy little Berber village in the back of beyond, and now the runaway slaves, if caught, are sent to penal settlements.

Hundreds of them are still at large, hiding in the darkest corners of the Mellahs and Medinahs (Jewish and Arab quarters), where no Police ever dare to penetrate, moving stealthily from one place to another at night, preferably in empty trucks of goods trains. A few actually reach safety, smuggled out of a harbour or across a mountainous border, but the number of these is negligible. The rest, with unkempt beard, shifty-eyed, jumping at every unexpected sound, are, like those digging their own graves at Bouarfa, hungry, hunted beasts in the jungle of a Nazi-ridden world.

* * * *

In February 1941, in a street in Casablanca, Volunteer Kl. was arrested as a fugitive from Bouarfa, by Detective P. The latter, an enthusiastic follower of the new creed, his head completely turned by the bombastic trumpeting conducted day and night for months on end about 'the honour to be upheld', 'our duty to the tricolore', 'the glory of the National Revolution' and the like, pushed his prisoner in front of Inspector A. at headquarters and, standing rigidly to attention, bellowed: 'I've got him, Sir. *Honour is saved.*'

Two officers who were present, tittered, then there was complete silence for two minutes, at the end of which Inspector A. said: 'Look here, P. This man wanted to fight for France. France accepted his help. Then he was caught, cheated, starved, enslaved. When at last he thinks he has escaped, you collar him and propose to have him sent back to that hell. Leave at least honour out of this, will you?' 'But he is a suspect, an alien!' cried the detective. 'He is a filthy foreigner, an enemy!' 'No,' replied Inspector A. evenly, 'the enemies are those who teach you lies like this. Your prisoner may go.'

Three days later it was he himself who had to go. On the same day, Volunteer Kl., rearrested, and taken to headquarters, was led before a certain Inspector, who, three days earlier, had been only plain clothes Detective P.

Black Dragon

Nazis in Germany, Fascists in Italy; in Japan the Secret Societies—these, says G. M. Stephenson, are our enemies

MR. CHURCHILL, both in his speech in the House of Commons and in his broadcast on the 8th of December, spoke of the terroristic Japanese methods of shooting the Opposition. The Prime Minister's remarks drew the public interest once more to the Secret Societies of Japan. Secret Societies . . . hearing these words, one is inclined to think of people in curious clothing, conspiring in catacombs, taking mysteriously worded oaths for the saving or destruction of humanity; or one revives the thrilling, still charming atmosphere of Chesterton's novel, *The Man Who Was Thursday*. The Japanese Secret Societies, however, are neither so innocent nor so enchanting.

The Secret Societies have played a sinister part in Japanese history. After fading to the background for centuries they once again succeeded in strengthening their significance and influence before the annexation of Manchuria. These societies are groups of fanatics with nationalistic ideas. They are supporters of the monarchy, of military fascism, social oppression and a secret police system. They are directed by a few members of the higher classes: nobles, bureaucrats, generals, admirals and large landowners. They advocate national expansion and an aggressive imperialistic policy, not forgetting, of course, their own class interests.

The biggest of these Secret Societies are Kokuriu-Kai (Black Dragon), Meirinkai (Society of Higher Ethics) and the Kokuhon-Shai (National Foundation). The Black Dragon Society is supposed to be in control of a huge network, which covers the whole country and enables the leader's voice to be heard in every little village. Through the help of the Reserve Officers' Association they are constantly in touch with four million men, which means that they have one supporter in every peasant family. They are able to mobilise the country's public opinion by just pressing a button. *Their* violent propaganda is chiefly responsible for the popularity of the programme of armed aggression in Asia and for the present aggression in the Pacific.

The best known leader of these Secret Societies is Araki, the most fanatic among the aggressive elements and the idol of the young officers. Araki is a former War Minister and had become known as Japan's Mussolini—a title intended to express admiration. The other 'secret' celebrity is Baron Hiranuma, who is also one of the Fuehrer candidates in Japan.

Propaganda, terror, bribery, threats and political murder are the well-known weapons of these super-patriots. Assassination of rivals has never been considered as a real crime in Japan; it has always been an accepted method of dealing with political opponents. But recently, since the Secret Societies have intensified their activities, these murders have become more frequent. High rank army and navy officers have participated in all the murders, but in nearly every case the Secret Societies have been responsible. In the last ten years they have killed two Prime Ministers, Hamaguchi and Inukai, an ex-Premier, Admiral Viscount Saito, some ex-Ministers, Inouye and Takahashi, the famous banker, Baron Takuma Dan and a number of other politicians and soldiers, who ventured to raise their voices against war and aggression.

The Secret Societies bear a great deal of responsibility for the lying and warmongering propaganda which finally succeeded in plunging Japan into the war. We must remember that not only the Nazi Party in Germany and the Fascists in Italy must be completely destroyed, but also Japanese military fascism and the Japanese Secret Societies must disappear, if we want to obtain a real and lasting peace after this bloody and tragic war. Before meeting their just due, the leaders of the Kokuriu-Kai and Kokuhon-Shai will no doubt reflect on the wisdom of the famous Japanese maxim: 'From the evils sent by Heaven there is deliverance; from the evils we bring upon ourselves, there is no escape.'

The Revolution in Literature

by KATHLEEN RAINE
(*Well-known Poet and Critic*)

Don't be frightened of modern authors, however odd and difficult. They are in tune with the age, which is changing rapidly, and what seems odd now in a few years will be accepted

WORDS have many uses. They can be a shorthand for listing the objects in the world—currants, raisins, tea, sugar. This precise listing of the material universe and its properties is the ordinary man's language. It is also the basis of what is called scientific terminology. The ordinary man's grammar is in fact based on the current scientific assumptions about the nature of the world. Sentences are orderly arrangements of words that show relationships of pieces of the real world to each other. Grammar takes for granted, in fact, the human experience of time and space, cause and effect.

Throughout his history, man has built up language in accordance with his experience of the world, and beliefs about it. He has named objects (nouns), defined their behaviour (verbs) and their properties (adjectives, adverbs and so on).

Man has made language, but language itself imposes on people a particular way of looking at the things in the world. It is true to say that no language can be translated exactly into any other. Language is a kind of lens through which the Englishman sees an English world, the Frenchman a French world, the German a German world; the African sees a magic, the physicist a scientific world. We do not all live in the same world, or see the same things: each of us sees in terms of his own particular language.

The recent advances of scientific discovery have presented a picture of things that differ greatly from any known to the past. Mr. Waddington,[1] as a biologist, speaks of man as if he had just been discovered—and in Mr. Waddington's limited terms, man literally has just been discovered. But for a student of language or literature, it would be impossible to sweep away the foundations of the past, on which the present rests. Scientific method is a really new technique, that bears less relation to past knowledge than can ever be possible for literature or painting. Architecture and engineering are profoundly and immediately affected by the new materials and new technique put at their disposal by science, as Mr. Summerson made clear in his article.[2] But not all branches of human knowledge move at the same speed, nor do they need to. A poem can last longer than most buildings. Greek cities survive as beautiful ruins, men no longer live in them. But Greek poetry, drama, and philosophy is not, in this sense, a ruin. Men still can, and do, live in the world of Greek philosophy and Greek poetry. The story of Troy still is as much a poem as it ever was, and Aristotle's logic continues to frame modern thought.

[1] 'Life from a New Angle', by Dr. C. H. Waddington, *World Review*, September 1941
[2] 'New Groundwork of Architecture', by John Summerson, *World Review*, October 1941.

It is this longevity of literature that puts it in a different relationship to a rapidly changing world, from the sciences—the spear-point of knowledge—or the decorative arts, that belong primarily to their time and place. One essential function of language is to conserve ideas in a lasting form. In our own English, we preserve, literally, the worlds of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, the eighteenth century, the nineteenth, and traces of even earlier times; Latin, French and Anglo-Saxon forms retain for us a condensation of the whole history of our ancestors.

Language changes with the world. New objects, new inventions must be named—buses, trains, bicycles, cinemas; electrons, genes, chromosomes, ether—take the place of the hansom-cabs and chariots of the past, and the terminology of alchemy and astrology. But it is not enough to add or discard a word here and there. The entire landscape changes as completely with time, as it does from place to place. Try to transpose Wordsworth's nature poetry into an African jungle, or the Arctic. Not only do 'the untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove' belong inevitably to a temperate climate, but so does the philosophy of Nature as a gentle and beneficent teacher of virtue. Nor can we add some elements to the landscape of Wordsworth or Shakespeare or Chaucer, without altering the entire scene. A pylon or a train changes, by its presence, the whole landscape. A forest becomes smaller and less wild when a railway track runs through it. The solitude of Medieval hermits and castles would be destroyed *in toto* by the introduction of wireless sets. Not only the trains and the wireless sets would be new, but the whole pattern of the existing world would be altered by the fact of their presence.

We can, as Keats put it, 'travel in the realms of gold', we may prefer other 'countries' (Shakespeare's, or Dryden's, or Tennyson's) to our own. But what we cannot claim, is that it is possible to live in the modern world entirely in terms of Shakespeare, or Dryden, or Tennyson; though it is just as true that we would be limiting ourselves if we were to pretend that *King Lear, Hamlet,* Dante's *Divine Comedy,* and Balzac's *Human Comedy,* belong only to the past. Much of our experience finds its expression in the language of Shakespeare, but much also does not. The feudal hierarchy and its offices—kings, nobility, merchants—have no more place in our world than have the weapons of Henry V's infantry, or the barge of Cleopatra. Men themselves are different, in so far as their lives and functions are different. And those differences have to be understood, and incorporated into the world of literature, the structure of civilisation. The literary present covers many centuries, but must also include our own.

All this is by way of preparing the ground for the discussion upon which this article bears—literature in the modern world. Again and again people ask the question 'Why is modern literature obscure? Why is modern poetry so difficult to understand?' I hope that I have already partly answered this question. Although primarily words come into being to describe the world, it also follows that we see the world in terms of the words we have.

If we have no word for an experience, either we must invent one, or discount the experience, banish it from our minds. If we have no language, no poetry, for pylons, factories, the world of modern physics, or of the dream-world of the unconscious mind, we try to exclude these objects from our

experience. We say we 'do not like' factories, pylons, etc., we would like to abolish them from the landscape, and restore the countryside for which we have a language. Wordsworth's rural England is not dear to us only for its beauty, but because Wordsworth has given us terms in which to understand it. Language gives a kind of mastery over things. Not being able to put something into words is a frustration, a kind of suffering.

Wordsworth in his time was regarded as an outrageous modern. The common speech, and simple country people of the North of England were not, a century ago, allowed as proper themes for poetry. For us, Simon Lee and Peter Bell are taken for granted. But when in 1922 T. S. Eliot wrote

'They are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens,
And along the trampled edges of the street
I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids
Sprouting despondently at area gates.'

the public was outraged. Such a landscape, it was said, is not 'poetic'. Precisely. That is why it is necessary to make it so. T. S. Eliot has given the years 1910 to 1930 a landscape. He has made our London memorable, given it to the future.

'And all along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street,
O City city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishermen lounge at noon: where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.'

Now that the walls of Magnus Martyr stand wrecked, like those of many other London churches, we are more aware, perhaps, of the London of 'The Waste Land' that Mr. Eliot has salvaged in his

poem, for future centuries. T. S. Eliot, the most revolutionary of recent poets, is deeply traditional. In continuing a tradition, he has been called revolutionary, and has in fact been so. Respect for the achievements of the past is best shown in the making of something entirely new and belonging to the present; as the works of the past belonged to their present, and were entirely new. E. H. Ramsden[1] well said that Picasso is comparable to Leonardo, because he too is a great painter. A painter of replicas of Leonardo would not be a great painter, still less would he be like that great experimenter and innovator. And yet there are many people who want replicas. They say 'This is not my idea of a painting', or 'This poem is not beautiful', meaning in fact 'This poem (or painting) is not a replica of another poem or painting that I have already understood and liked'.

There is a deceptive half-truth in many people's minds about poetry. Poetry, it is said, ought to be 'beautiful'; and therefore things that are ugly—like Mr. Eliot's area pavements, W. H. Auden's landscape of industrial depression, and the less romantic aspects of death and sex, should be excluded from literature. Great art possesses beauty —true; but this is so because great art

[1] 'Painting and Sculpture', by E. H. Ramsden, *World Review*, August 1941.

W. H. AUDEN

makes things beautiful, not because it makes mention only of beautiful things. The armies and bloodshed of Homer are not things in themselves beautiful. Nor are the circles of Dante's hell, nor the streets of James Joyce's Dublin. It is the genius of the poet to give these things their glory. Indeed, the more painful and unacceptable an experience is, the greater our need to assimilate it through art. This, truly understood, is the process of civilisation itself.

An ordinary man, seeing a pylon in a piece of familiar landscape, is aware of an unwelcome change in his world. The presence of the pylon makes the trees, the fields, the flowers themselves, look different. He is looking at a new scene, and he must find new terms in which to understand it. The terms of the nineteenth century, or the eighteenth, no longer quite explain the world, and the discrepancy between the world of reality and the world of language is bound, sooner or later, to become painful. Man never will live by bread alone, but by words—'By catchwords' George Bernard Shaw said—but that is malnutrition.

The landscape of the modern world is the least of the profound changes that have come about during this century. Mr. Eliot, and more recently W. H. Auden, among poets, and D. H. Lawrence also as a novelist, have best expressed this change. W. H. Auden is the first outstandingly good satirical poet that we have had in this country for a long time.

'Consider this and in our time
As the hawk sees it or the helmeted airman:
The clouds rift suddenly—look there
A cigarette end smouldering on a border
At the first garden party of the year.
Pass on, admire the view of the massif
Through plate-glass windows of the Sport Hotel;
Join there the insufficient units
Dangerous, easy, in furs, in uniform
And constellated at reserved tables
Supplied with feelings by an efficient band
Relayed elsewhere to farmers and their dogs
Sitting in kitchens in the stormy fens.'

This passage, chosen at random, is a fair sample of Auden's picture. He offers us simultaneously a landscape (clouds, a cigarette end in a garden, the plate-glass window of the Sport Hotel, music, a wireless-set, a farm kitchen) and its people (the airman: people in furs and uniform, 'supplied with feelings by an efficient band', a farmer listening to the wireless). It is a world so familiar to us that we hardly notice it; the world of news-reels and 'documentary' films, about which we are customarily either tough, or sentimental, but since war has made it dangerous, we have become correspondingly serious. Auden himself, during the past ten years, has been both tough, sentimental and serious. It is sometimes difficult to see whether it is love or hate that drives Auden to describe with a clarity that is often itself destructive of what it creates. Really Auden's ambiguity is simply man's deep attachment to life, that is by both love and hate. *Odi et amo* is the cry of one who is very much alive. A satirist is one who loves and hates, not one who only hates.

But modern physics and modern psychology have produced changes no less profound upon our conception of the mind, and of matter. Freud's psychology had brought to our notice

the fact that large tracts of the mind are occupied with mental processes to which the concepts of time and space (upon which, as I mentioned at the beginning of this article, our grammar is founded) do not apply. This more than any other change in the modern world has changed modern literature. James Joyce has written two books of major importance, *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*, that use words in a way that has never before been attempted; Joyce breaks away from what one may call the grammar of objects, the syntax of the sentence, based on the logic of the material world—cause and effect, past, present and future, sequence of events in space and time. He has ventured to dispense with the sentence so conceived, in his so-called 'interior monologue', in which the ideas and images of the mind do not bear this grammatical relationship to each other. Everyone has a region of interior monologue, in which ideas are related in a free way, by causes and effects that do not operate in the outer world.

The discovery that the private thoughts are more erotic than public behaviour earned for James Joyce (no less than it did for Freud) a reputation for indecency. There are those who think Joyce is less likely to damage public morals (his standard of reference is in the main the Catholic conception of humanity) than amateurs in ethics like the Communists and the Nazis with their various brands of self-righteousness, based on falser premises than Joyce's. Here at all events is a sample of Mrs. Molly Bloom's thoughts before she falls asleep. The interior monologue wherein thoughts succeed each other inconsequently and freely is well known to all of us, and there is little difficulty in understanding such a passage as this (taken at random from a soliloquy that occupies many pages).

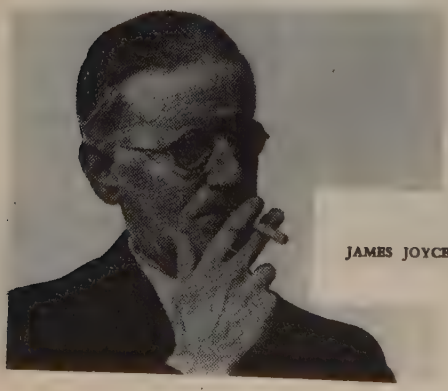
'that train again weeping tone once in the dear deaead days beyond recall close my eyes breath my lips forward kiss sad look eyes open piano ere oer the world the mists began I hate that istsbeg comes loves sweet ssoooooooooooong Ill let that out full when I get in front of the footlights again Kathleen Kearney and her lot of squealers Miss This Miss That Miss Theother lot of sparrowfarts skitting around talking about politics they know as much about as my backside anything in the world to make themselves someway interesting Irish homemade beauties soldiers daughter am I ay and whose are you boot makers and publicans I beg your pardon coach I thought you were a wheelbarrow theyd die down dead off their feet if ever they got a chance of walking down the Alameda on an officers arm like me on the bandnight my eyes flash my bust that they havent passion God help their poor head I knew more about men and life when I was 15 than theyll all know at 50 they dont know how to sing a song like that Gardner said no man could look at my mouth and teeth smiling like that and not think of it I was afraid he mightnt like my accent

D. H. LAWRENCE

CHARLES MADGE

first he so English all father left me in spite of his stamps Ive my mothers eyes and figure anyhow he always said theyre so snotty about themselves some of those cads he wasnt a bit like that he was dead gone on my lips let them get a husband first thats fit to be looked at and a daughter like mine or see if they can excite a swell with money that can pick and choose whoever he wants like Boylan to do it 4 or 5 times locked in eachothers arms or the voice either I could have been a prima donna only I married him'

Objects in the mind are not the same as objects in space and time, nor do they obey the same laws. The mind can think of a blue orange, a phœnix, or simultaneously of things far apart; and may have good reason to do so. The workings of the unconscious mind, or of Joyce's interior monologue, are not mad or lawless. The regions of the mind have their own laws, their own cause and effect. Shakespeare used puns scarcely less than Joyce, and for the same reason; not in order (as a rule) to be funny, but to enrich meaning, to break down the barriers between words, in order to liberate fresh meaning; for in the mind, things can happen that in the world are impossible. Joyce's immense knowledge of languages and literature, no less than his innovations, render him a difficult writer; but his effect is tremendous, even on those who have only read and understood a little of his work. Here is an example of Joyce's later style. Not only the syntax but the words themselves are re-combined in a way that recalls the way in which cubist painters dismembered and reassembled objects.



JAMES JOYCE

'Eins within a space and a wearywide space is wast ere wohned a Mookse. The onesomeness wast alltolonely, archunsitslike, broady oval, and a Mookse he would a walking go (My hood! cries Antony Romeo) so one grandsumer evening, after a great morning and his good supper of gammon and spittish, having flabelled his eyes, pilleoled his nostrils, vacticanated his ears and palliumed his throats, he put on his impermeable, seized his impugnable, harped on his crown and stepped out of his immobile *De Rure Albo* (socolled becauld it was chalkfull of masterplasters and had borgeously letout gardens strown with cascadas, pintacostecas, horthoducts and currycombs), and set off from Ludstown *a spasso* to see how badness was badness in the weirdest of all pensible ways.'

Finnegan's Wake occupied James Joyce for sixteen years. It is improbable that we will absorb it in a less time than Joyce spent on its composition. But that *Finnegan's Wake* will, in a longer or shorter time, prove a source of infinite refreshment to our language, is beyond all doubt.

Surrealism was a movement, rather of painting than of literature, that made use of many of Freud's conceptions. The idea was dynamic, and if it produced no single outstanding poet—with the possible exception of Paul Eluard—it has influenced writers of this generation. Charles Madge, for example, has an outlook more modern than that of either T. S. Eliot or the Surrealists, though indebted to both.

'This window by a curious trick can see
Workaday things and a white rising planet.
It looks both in and out and on each side
Is outside. There's no house for such a window.'

The window that sees outside and inside is oneself. There is in poetry of this kind a freedom of movement from the unconscious to the outside world and back again, that owes much both to Freud and to Joyce.

WILLIAM EMPSON

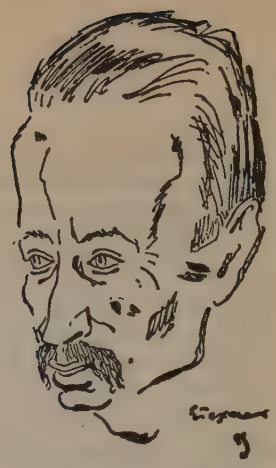
Mr. Bernal pointed out in his recent article in this series[1] that there is no reason why modern science, in its wider implications, should be understood only by specialists. For the present it remains true that for any one man to be familiar with the whole body of present knowledge is almost impossible. During many centuries, acquaintance with a limited Latin and Greek literature, and the few civilised countries of Western Europe, was the common heritage of all men of learning. Education at present is far too specialised. A poet like William Empson, who is allusive to a great many branches of knowledge, including science, is obscure, because very few people share his kind of education. Gray was a no less learned poet, but he lived at a time of stability, and the standards of learning were generally accepted. It is to be hoped that a new canon of knowledge, including knowledge of the sciences, will stabilise itself, and form a new basis for standards of culture. When this happens, there will be less 'obscurity' in modern poetry. Not least of modern changes is the economic change in the world. Kings now are less powerful than masses. The romantic poets of the nineteenth century wrote in terms of the private emotions of private individuals. But Freud's psychology has destroyed in us the illusion that we know even what we call ourselves. Joyce, greatest romantic of all, gives to the picture of a person, or a self, a meaning so unlike the familiar one, that we are as strange in the inner world, of our own minds, as in the outer one of modern physics. There is some evidence, in poets like Charles Madge, of a new feeling about man's place in the world, that takes into account our baffling multitude.

In this connection I should like also to mention Rainer Maria Rilke, who, though he wrote in German, preferred to live in France, and travelled all over Europe. There exist good English translations of his poems. Rilke was the poet of the anonymous man, the European citizen of any capital, the man-in-the-street. He is a profoundly religious poet, possessing in a high degree the Germanic mysticism; not least the mysticism of death. No modern poet, certainly, has written of death as profoundly as Rilke. In the present writer's opinion, there is likely to be much religious poetry written for some time to come. The tendency is found in late Yeats, T. S. Eliot, and D. H. Lawrence, to re-establish a myth (Buddhist in Yeats, Christian in Eliot, and less defined in Rilke) that will be true for many men, or all men. Romantic individualism at least is doomed. Freud's picture of the inner world of the unconscious destroys at one extreme the individualist's conception of himself. At the other extreme, economic changes make us increasingly dependent on each other. Mr. Summerson pointed out that modern architecture tends increasingly to be the work of a group of technicians, building not for single individuals but for groups of people. Works of literature must always be the work of one mind, but language is, more than any other medium, the currency of a whole society, and the product of all branches of its thought.

It may be objected that I mention only one writer (Charles Madge) who is under thirty, and that most of my

[1] 'Transformation in Science', by Prof. J. D. Bernal, *World Review*, July 1941

quotations are ten or twenty years old. The works I mention will none the less be new to many readers, and are all still important at this moment. This is not, however, my reason for not mentioning more recent names: in my opinion there is at present a lull in literature, after a very vital period including Eliot, Yeats, Joyce and Auden. I attach no special significance to the fact that no outstanding prose (Lawrence Durrell is a poor echo of Joyce) or verse (though there is a positive whispering-gallery of echoes) has recently appeared. It is a fact that many poets will endorse (S. T. Coleridge mentions it somewhere) that events tend to appear in poetry some time before they actually occur; and experiences long after (Wordsworth's 'emotion recollected in tranquillity'). Seldom does it happen that poets are writing about what is in process of happening to them, or to their world. It has taken about twenty years to establish *The Waste Land*. W. H. Auden too had something prophetic in his pre-war writings about airmen, and a world of fifth-column activity. He had written about the coming war, and made certain decisions about it, while most of us were arguing that there would be no war. W. H. Auden's recent poems have, surprisingly, less bearing on current events than those he wrote five years ago or more. We would, perhaps, also do well to rid ourselves of the idea that poets are always young. 'Where are the young writers?' may not, just now, be a question that matters. The literature of youth had its hey-day in the nineteenth century—



RAINER MARIA RILKE

Keats, Shelley, Byron, and the rest. But against this, I would like to quote a passage from Rilke.

'Verses amount to so little when one begins to write them young. One ought to wait, and gather sense of sweetness a whole life long and a long life if possible, and then, quite at the end, one might, perhaps, be able to write ten good lines. For verses are not, as people imagine, simply feelings (we have these soon enough); they are experiences. In order to write a single verse, one must see many cities, and men, and things; one must get to know animals and the flight of birds, and the gestures that the little flowers make when they open out to the morning. One must be able to return in thought to roads in unknown regions, to unexpected encounters, and to partings that had been long foreseen. . . . For it is the memories themselves that matter. Only when they have turned to blood within us, to glance and gesture, nameless and no longer to be distinguished from ourselves—only then can it happen that in a most rare hour the first word of a poem arises in their midst and goes forth from them.'

Previous articles in this series:—June, 'Threshold of a New Age' by Herbert Read; July, 'Transformation in Science' by Professor J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.; August, 'Painting and Sculpture' by E. H. Ramsden; September, 'Life from a New Angle' by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.; October, 'The New Groundwork of Architecture' by John Summerson; November, 'Matter, Form, Evolution and Us' by Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S.; December, 'Man—The Anachronism' by Edward Glover, M.D. Back numbers, December 1s. 6d., August, September, October and November 1s. 3d., June and July 1s. each, from any bookstall or direct from the publishers, Hulton Press Ltd., 43–44 Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

Ozymandias

An Impression of William Randolph Hearst

by ROLAND PERTWEE

'And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains' SHELLEY

THE tendency of distinguished and undistinguished authors of fiction to draw, under the camouflage of another name, unflattering portraits of a living man tends to reflect the mentality of an anonymous letter writer. If the fashion continues it will have to become a practice with publishers and film producers to offer on the fly-leaf or sub-title of their wares some such phrase as: The characters in this story are purely imaginary except that of W. Randolph Hearst.

Forthright criticism is a healthy and honourable exercise from which no public man may claim immunity; but when the attacks are made from behind cover they lose the sympathy to which, otherwise, they are entitled. Guerrilla warfare in literature or on the screen has, until recently, been taboo, and it is regrettable that it should come to be recognised as fair comment or that the laws of any country should permit a living person to be obliquely pilloried.

Outstanding success is seldom achieved without loss of popularity; it is not, therefore, surprising that a man of the stature of William Randolph Hearst, whose hand stretched out to the four corners of the earth, should have made enemies. The newspaper world is a battlefield where rival forces neither ask for nor give quarter, and, on that battlefield, from his early twenties in 1887, Hearst has fought and manœuvred with inimitable energy and drive.

The isolationist stand he adopted in the Great War of 1914–1918, and his efforts to prevent America from becoming embroiled in the European conflict, earned for him universal opprobrium on this side of the Atlantic, nor were his remarks on the failure of this country fully to liquidate her war debt couched in terms that endear. Yet, after studying an account of his life's work, even the most ardent and unforgiving opponent could hardly deny that it presented many notable achievements.

From the outset of his career, Hearst aimed at attacking and abolishing conditions and abuses that crippled the lives of the workers of America. He appointed himself as the advocate of the underdog and, according to one of his biographers, was largely responsible for educating the masses to some form of political consciousness and the power to think beyond the narrow margins of their own four walls.

It is to his credit that he was unawed

Miss Anita Loos, W. R. Hearst and Miss Marion Davies in front of Hearst's amazing California palace. (Photograph by Cecil Beaton)

by the size of his undertakings and the power of his opponents; for he never hesitated to engage forces larger than those at his command. The bigger the job the better he liked it, and from countless crusades against trusts and institutions, believed to be inviolable, he usually emerged victorious.

Sceptics may argue that newspaper campaigns are more often inspired for the purpose of increasing circulation than to achieve a virtuous object. But when the object is achieved it is ungenerous to grudge the campaigner some form of dividend.

When first I met Hearst, which was not many years ago, his enemies spoke in whispers, cautiously preluding tales to his discredit with an assurance that they were only repeating what had been told them by a third party. Doubtless they were well advised to follow this pusillanimous course, for, in those days, Hearst's position was still unassailable and his striking power, in attack or defence, enormous. Since then the march of onward years has brought a diminution of those powers and energies, and an almost legendary figure is now becoming the target at which even the most insignificant scribbler unhesitatingly casts his addled egg.

The instinct of the wolf-pack to turn upon a wounded leader is not impressive, having about it that negative form of courage common to maggots who feast upon a mighty carcase. No doubt there is and was in W. Randolph Hearst much to inspire hatred and even abuse, but it was not my experience to find it, and I have heard his more intimate friends declare that a more generous man never lived.

I saw him first at a party in Hollywood —a great bear of a man with pale, deeply-set eyes, sloping shoulders and a face as grey and stony as the bust of a Roman emperor. He steered a course along the margin of a swimming-pool where, sunning after a bathe, were some of the loveliest limbs in the world. No situation could have been less appropriate to his sombre exterior, for he looked as much out of place as would a mortuary in a fun fair. Leslie Howard introduced me, and to my greeting he replied in a thin, reedy falsetto, reminiscent of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. Having spoken he went sorrowfully away, later to reappear in the swimming-pool, his face rippling with smiles.

Afterwards I was often impressed by the boyish cheerfulness he displayed in

'Citizen Kane' (Orson Welles) fires the old editor of his first newspaper while his best friend and his business manager beam with approval. (A scene from the Hollywood film)

water—it was as if the element washed the graver considerations from his mind and lifted the weight of years from ageing limbs. It was no uncommon thing for him to plunge into a pool at midnight and reveal towards any swimmer with the temerity to join him the most amiable characteristics, but once back on dry land gaiety deserted him, and he moved among the laughing, colourful company of his guests with a curious air of detachment and loneliness.

I did not find him a companionable man, although he showed to me unfailing courtesy. His aloofness was discomfiting and had the effect of reducing his guests to silence or launching them on a sea of sycophancy for which he had the liveliest distaste. For Hearst did not encourage yes-men, only employing men and women of tremendous energy and personality on his newspapers.

While staying at San Simeon, I met a number of his editors and reporters and was impressed by their ability. That they stood in continual awe of their chief was not to be doubted, but however much their knees quaked and bent in his presence, they drove their pens on his behalf on firm and vigorous lines.

It was a unique company that gathered at the Hearst Ranch at San Simeon—almost as unique and mixed as the architecture of that amazing establishment, with its fifty-mile Pacific coast-line and horizon-filling mountains to the rear. That ranch and that company had to be seen to be believed.

Perched on a hill-top thousands of feet above the sea stands the central building, La Casa del Monte, curiously suggestive of the Casino at Monte Carlo. On a lower level are three villas in the Spanish style, the property being united by marble terraces, rose pergolas and flights of steps. The centuries-old furnishings and tapestries have been collected from all over Europe and invest the interior with a fifteenth-century atmosphere at once grave and harmonious. The terraces, in the strong Californian sunlight, are as blinding and prismatic as the

The author of 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' and her husband in the courtyard of the Hearst palace. (Photograph by Cecil Beaton)

gardens of the Alhambra Palace at Granada.

The dining-room at La Casa del Monte is a vast chapel-like apartment with a vaulted roof from which depend a double bank of tattered flags. Beneath is a refectory table not less than thirty feet in length where, when Hearst is in occupation, assemble a motley of male and female film stars, directors and producers, dealers in furniture and works of art, travelling nobility from the Continent, and a horde of newspaper men summoned from all parts of the globe. Together, they provide an astonishing amalgam of business and pleasure. The film folks, as who should blame them, are frankly out for a good time; the furniture and art dealers to make sales; the travelling nobility to get as much as possible for nothing and, thereafter, to be derisive or contemptuous about it; and the newspaper men to be instructed on matters of policy, to get the sack or advancement.

Through them, like some large and disquieting ghost, moves the figure of W. Randolph Hearst. I seldom heard him speak more than a word or two to any guest. His practice was to materialise at your side, put some question and, more often than not, drift elsewhere before the answer was forthcoming. Even in the social circle, he remained a complete isolationist, travelling around in a sort of portable hermitage of his own contriving. I never ceased to wonder why he bothered to invite so many guests or give so many parties, for he showed no evidence of enjoying society. Perhaps, in some fashion peculiar to himself, he drew life from the teeming life about him, for even at work he did not welcome solitude. At a crowded luncheon table he would sit with a secretary at each elbow, dealing with exaggerated piles of telegrams, cables and correspondence. Possibly he acquired the habit of disregarding outside interference through long association with the uproar which prevails in a newspaper office, for the laughter and chatter of his guests did not appear to distract him in the smallest degree.

After dinner he led the company to a projection room, where a film was shown. Watching films seemed to be his chief diversion and, when in a nostalgic mood, he dearly loved to unearth, from his private screen library, a silent picture of the *genre* of 'Li'l ole New York'. His face would be wreathed

in smiles as their naïve simplicities were unfolded.

Prohibition was still in force at the time of which I write, with the paradoxical result that a large majority of his fellow-countrymen put themselves into an almost permanent state of alcoholism. Hearst had been an ardent supporter of the Bill which caused America to go dry, but the failure of the measure to achieve its object, and the wave of crime that followed its introduction, persuaded him to change his views. He cannot have favoured a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment without a pang, for he was a rigidly temperate man, with a deep loathing for drunkenness. At the Hearst Ranch, a mild cocktail was served with light wine at dinner to follow, but you would not find hard liquor of which to help yourself. That is to say you would not find it unless you knew the ropes—which were in the hands of certain of his guests who, not to be denied, imported in their luggage quantities of bootleg whisky and synthetic gin. These blithe spirits would organise round-the-corner drinking parties from which, presently, the participants would reappear singing louder and steering worse than they would otherwise have done. To Hearst these excesses were a source of boundless indignation, and, on one such occasion, I saw his face pale to a lawn-green with anger.

This was the man who, on his own initiative during the Spanish-American war, resolved to frustrate any attempt by the Spanish fleet to pass through the Suez Canal and attack Admiral Dewey, chartered a coaling vessel and ordered the captain to fly the English colours and sink the ship in the Canal. One may say that this did not show much respect for international formalities, but it must not be forgotten that W. Randolph Hearst

Miss Alice Head, Hearst former English factotum, enjoys her employer's hospitality. (A Cecil Beaton photograph)

was reared in a school of strong-arm politics that did not model its diplomacy on the Court of St. James's.

Looking back on that not very distant past, it seems strange that this colossus of the newspaper world could ever so far have outlived the position he created as to have become a cock-shy for journalists and scribblers. His traducers, of course, may be governed by the phrase: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and have valiantly resolved to lift their little voices against him while the breath is still in his body. I hope it may be so, for it would be pleasant to feel that there is some virtue in their shoddy crusade.

The Future of Italy

by C. M. FRANZERO

C. M. Franzero, a distinguished Italian journalist who has proved his democratic sympathies by remaining in Britain when his colleagues left, presents a solution for the future of 'Hitler's first victim', the unhappy country of an elderly dictator and of the bankrupt Fascist ideology

Umberto, Prince of Piedmont—Italy's young hope?

BECAUSE she is in the unhappy position of suffering under two tyrannies—Mussolini's and Hitler's—Italy should be counted first among the subjugated nations of Europe. For the same reason it is only right that now, when the oppressed peoples are looking at the Atlantic Charter as a great beacon of hope, we should also turn our attention to the problem of a future Italy within a liberated Europe.

A few months ago, addressing a very distinguished gathering in London, I submitted three main points for planning the future of Italy. To-day those three points are strengthened by the Atlantic Charter; and I feel encouraged to summarize them again; not as official or even semi-official propositions, for I speak with no higher authority than my own patriotic sentiments—but at least as a basis for a practical discussion.

(1) The peaceful existence of Britain and the security of democracy as represented by the British Empire and the United States of America must be built upon a Europe on which Great Britain will be able to impress the stamp of her political, social and economic conceptions, perhaps the broadest the modern world has seen. This will be possible only if Britain will have achieved permanent security both in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic; a security which cannot be reached without a complete collaboration between Britain and the Mediterranean countries of which Italy is geographically the centre.

(2) Such collaboration can have a value only if the assets represented by Italy in the commonwealth of Europe are kept alive. To do this, it is necessary to preserve in Italy a social and political stability which can be achieved only

by making the monarchy a rallying point.

(3) To achieve (1) and (2), it is indispensable to outline a solution of the future of Lybia and Italian East Africa (and when I say East Africa I do not include Abyssinia, which was merely a 'passing comet' on the sky of Fascist Imperialism). We must bear in mind that in this as in the whole Mediterranean problem the *sentimental* factors will have an importance equal to that of purely *strategical* aspects—and that it would be a fatal mistake to start a new Europe with an embittered Italy.

RETURN TO ANGLO-ITALIAN COLLABORATION

The three points are closely related. We are told that a victorious Britain and America will restore the territorial integrity and political independence of all the nations which have been subjugated by the Nazis. This sounds splendid; but we must be realistic enough to expect to see a return to a democratic rule which will for a number of years be dependent on the assistance of the victorious countries, i.e. on Britain and America. A new Europe envisaged with Great Britain as her central main source of support, will not be possible without a return to an Anglo-Italian collaboration. No collaboration, however, can be effective if Italy is not spared and preserved *as a nation*. If a reborn Italy is to play her part in Europe, it will be necessary to secure social and political stability within the country. This will be possible only through the monarchy using the throne as a rallying point. In a country like Italy, which happens to be the centre of the Catholic world, the feelings of the Church cannot be overlooked on this delicate point; and I have reason to believe that the Vatican is thinking along the same lines. Although we must understand that the Vatican cannot intervene openly and directly in the internal affairs of Italy, the Church will exercise a moderating influence over the people and support the monarchy—especially a monarchy with Crown Prince Humbert as king. We may even go further and say that so long as the present turmoil continues and the Italian people, under the double yoke of the Fascist Ovra and the German Gestapo, are prevented from expressing their will, it is preferable and almost necessary that the old king should live until the régime is automatically or forcibly overthrown—so as to prevent the Fascist Grand Council from exercising the *veto* to the succession to the throne, which was vested in it in 1928. Then the old king can retire in favour of his son. We must, of course, anticipate a military dictatorship as a transitional government; but a military dictatorship would be above parties and would serve the purpose of maintaining both national unity and social order, while the people would evolve a form of democratic government adapted to the new times. The monarchical sentiment in Italy is very deep-rooted; and although some may reproach King Victor for having called Mussolini to power and sharing the responsibility for the present state of affairs, the monarchical spirit is almost a natural tradition of the Italian people. Crown Prince Humbert, whose dislike of Fascism is well known, enjoys the particular favour of the Vatican. On the other hand, the Prince's cousin, the Duke of Aosta, who was always pampered by Fascist high circles as a potential opponent of the Crown Prince, was never very popular, having lent himself to the dynastic intrigues of his mother. It was certainly unwise for Aosta to link his personal fortunes with those of Fascism

and accept a military command in East Africa, which ended in disaster and in his capture by the British.

But after Italy has been preserved and political and social unity maintained, the colonial problem must be solved. Italy is the sole partner of the Axis which has lost territories. Eritrea and Somaliland had been an integral part of her almost since the inception of modern Italy. What is going to happen to these Italian Colonies? If the ports of Lybia along the Mediterranean coast of Africa and of Eritrea on the Red Sea have a strategical interest for Britain, a solution can be found whereby these ports can be open to Britain and to Italy alike. But let us beware lest a harsh treatment may prove the undoing of a new peace and give impetus to a post-war Italy again seething with grievances and discontent.

POOLING COLONIES

Among politically-minded people of all countries the idea of treating all colonies as a common pool, to be developed for the benefit of all peoples and nations is beginning to gain ground. This would undoubtedly be a great step toward the fuller collaboration of the nations of Europe which—at this juncture—may be too utopistic to be called a Federation of Europe. We may, however, rest assured that the Italians would welcome it enthusiastically; and I say that in a new Europe, based on complete and sincere collaboration, there would be no longer any danger of an imperialistic spirit in Italy, because the imperialistic policy of Fascism was entirely artificial.

I am perfectly aware that in saying this I risk being attacked by many Italians in Italy and outside, and stigmatized as a *renunciatist*. But let us be honest and realistic: the Italian people have never, at any time, felt spontaneously or believed sincerely in an imperialistic urge. The very history of Italian colonial expansion stands to prove the opposite. The Italian overseas empire was actually born on the 5th of July, 1882, when Parliament ratified the purchase by the Government of the territories around Assab in the southern end of Eritrea, which the Rubattino Shipping Company had acquired from the brothers Ahmad, Sultans of Assab, on November 15, 1869. But the birth of a colonial empire was for the Italians not a day of national rejoicing. In fact, it was greeted with profound indifference and hostility. The Government had been compelled to explain that this was not a colony in the proper sense of the word and that Italy was not saddling herself with the odious problem of colonial administration or the dangers of colonial wars. The Italians were always hostile to colonial enterprises. No colonial war was popular in modern Italy. The argument of over-population, so much abused by the Facists, was only a means to render more palatable a policy of crude imperialism which the Italians knew only too well would ultimately mean war; in the meantime it meant all the internal sacrifices that a preparation for war involves.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT

Fascism has tried to inspire the Italians with an imperialistic ardour on two premises. Both were false. One was that Great Britain was very rich because she had a large empire; whilst in fact, Great Britain had a large empire because she was very rich. The second premise was a new theory maintaining that the policy of nations is dictated by needs. This also was entirely false, because the policy of nations ruled by dictators is dictated by greed and—in the case of Fascism—by a misconstructed pride.

Mussolini had tried to create an imperialistic and a militaristic spirit by exaggerating the Italian victory of Vittorio Veneto. After Caporetto the Italian people needed a tonic, something upon which to rebuild their dignity—and this was Vittorio Veneto. But when Mussolini tried to build a militaristic Italy out of the name of Vittorio Veneto, he was only deluding himself. Fascism has failed to make Italy a militaristic nation because the Italians are not a militaristic people. Great armies are the combination of a good General Staff, a high industrial efficiency and the human element. In Italy the human element, in a militaristic sense, is entirely lacking. The Italians cannot supply the human material for a war machine aimed at imperialistic conquest because—by instinct and by inclination—the Italians are not war-minded. They have never been. They have too much imagination, they are too individualistic; they feel too keenly the value of life to be good soldiers. They can produce great lawyers, artists, statesmen—sometimes even a great general—but not great soldiers, for their instinctive scepticism and their inborn individualism make it impossible for them to believe in the crusading spirit of any war.

NO ITALIAN RACE

Another colossal error of Fascism was to speak of imperialism in the name of an Italian 'race'. The Italians know perfectly well that there is no such thing. There is perhaps a *Gens Italica*, which is quite a different conception. The Italians are Latins, but if we admit the existence of a Latin race, we must confess that as a race it is the most varied conglomeration of different peoples! The Romans bequeathed no racial legacy to the Italians; and the principle of the 'Master Race', which is the spirit of imperialism, did not appeal to them. When Mussolini said, in 1932, that 'Fascism rejects pacifism as cowardice', he should have known that he was affirming something in which the Italians did not believe. Words, grand, sonorous words; nine-tenths of the so-called Fascist doctrine, ninety per cent of all that Fascism has boasted of has been nothing but words: and the Italians have an old saying for it, '*le parole non riempiono la pancia*', meaning that you cannot make a meal out of words. Mussolini could have passed into history as the man who had reclaimed the Pontine Marshes; but he could never be the man who had 'revived' the 'imperial spirit' of the Italian 'race'. For you cannot revive something that is not there.

It is maintained by many historians that the Italian mind of to-day—and in history the eighteen years of Fascist rule are shorter than one dark night—is the linear derivation of the mind of the *Rinascimento*. Well, the mind of the *Rinascimento* was the most universal, the least nationalistic that the history of Europe had ever witnessed. The Florentine artist was equally at home in Florence, in Milan or at the Courts of Paris and London. In this respect the modern Italians are in deep contrast to the Nazis of Germany. The effort of Fascism to imbue the Italians with a racial and nationalistic conception of life was nothing but an unsuccessful attempt to inflate a balloon. And the Italians will not even need to be deflated, for they know by instinct that you cannot alter the laws of Nature. For one thousand years the peoples of Italy had undergone a process of political or imperial disintegration. When Fascism tried to alter the laws of Nature, it achieved nothing but its own downfall and, unhappily, the ruination of modern Italy.

Industry's Problem Children

by R. D. BEST

R. D. Best is a Birmingham manufacturer, a member of the Birmingham Education Committee, and of the Council for Art and Industry. He is also the author of 'Brass Chandelier' and of several other works on industrial matters

A RECENT report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure has brought into the limelight questions of absenteeism and workshop discipline. Differences of opinion between management and labour, and their effect on the war effort, have become 'news', and the outside public attribute blame to one side or the other according to their political views. But anyone with practical experience of industry knows that these are but symptoms of underlying causes; for in times of feverish activity, when the bogey of unemployment has been removed, unusual problems are bound to arise.

Modern industry is becoming more and more impersonal—an affair of large organisations, extensive structures of steel and glass, often airy and light, housing efficient-looking machinery and 'Be-bedeauxed' operatives. But it is the smaller and older firms which happen to come within my experience and here the relationships between operatives and management tend to be personal and easygoing. Few people out of the swim realise how much of the country's war and peacetime output comes from workshops and factories of this sort. Small concerns in astonishing premises, often a shed or garage, or a floor which has to be approached by a ladder-like staircase, house a few machines driven by electric power, but somehow they perform work more cheaply and efficiently than many larger firms, which, in fact, employ them much as the old-style 'factors' employed the 'garret-masters' at the beginning of the last century. The same problems, however, resulting from overfull employment, face these smaller firms as elsewhere.

I have in mind a venerable and old-established firm, generally undisturbed by the storms and stresses of the outer commercial world. In the labyrinthine workshops there are still many 'nooks and crannies' which do not make supervision an easy matter. From time to time I visit the factory, and walking round with the proprietor, who is also the managing director, it is seldom that at least one co-educational discussion group is not seen to be dispersing just as we come round a corner. But the proprietor is not greatly concerned because, since the output from each group of workers is carefully checked, and since each group has a financial interest in maintaining the output, just how the results are obtained doesn't greatly matter. There are plenty of ways, he says, of going slow even when the worker is in full view of the shop foreman.

For many years the relationship

between employer and employed has been satisfactory, and even now the proprietor tells me that he has little cause for complaint—except now and again a minority 'play it up'—and lately he admitted that he had been forced to take part in a scene of great scandal. For the first time in his business experience he had to tell one of his men plainly that if he did not immediately put on his coat and leave the factory, he—the proprietor—would have to fetch the police! It happened in this way:

MR. BUN CHANGES HIS MIND

A young man—let us call him Mr. Bun, since originally he had been a baker by trade—had recently been engaged, after a short course of training at a Government Training Centre. It had been a case of 'Training for war work *or else. . . .*' For a time, so the works manager reported, the young man seemed at any rate willing to learn, and even if his performance was in no way startling, he was certainly not actively hostile, as he was to become later. After a few weeks he asked for his cards as he wanted to leave. Ostensibly he gave as his reason that he had come from a distant town and now wanted to return. But he told his shopmates that although his employers were paying the Trade Union rates, he thought he could earn better money 'in one of these new aircraft factories'.

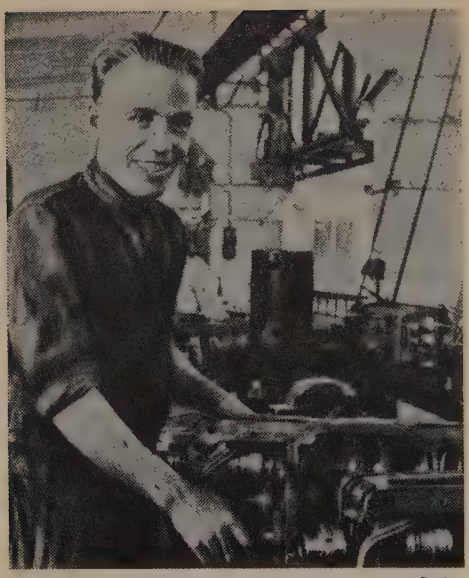
Now the firm in question was fully occupied with Government contracts and scheduled under the 'Essential Work Order'. Under this Order no employee is permitted to leave without the consent of the management of the firm. Permission was at first refused because, owing to the scarcity of labour, it would have been difficult to replace him, but after a week or two the works manager recommended with emphasis that Bun's application should be endorsed. In talking the matter over, the proprietor found out a number of things.

Young Bun was harmless enough in appearance, but had somehow succeeded in establishing for himself a reputation for physical ruthlessness. This was quite a novel characteristic among the employees of this particular firm. It had come back to the works manager (by way of the foreman) that he had beaten up someone at the place where his girl worked. Anyhow, his language had shocked some of the older and more sensitive workpeople—'offending' people and 'blinding' about the place—it had begun to get on people's nerves. The works manager corrected him. He explained how offence might be caused if any of the ladies overheard him. 'Sorry,' said Bun, 'I had never thought of that'. And for a time there was an improvement. But it was only temporary. His language slipped back; he started coming in late, and when he was given a job he didn't like he would tell the foreman what he would do when they got outside. Hurt his face and all that . . .

'DISSATISFACTION AND UNFAIRATION'

Now his shopmates in the meantime, like schoolboys, were quietly enjoying the whole situation and beginning to wonder how it was all going to end. Such a case had never been known in the history of the firm. Wasn't it about time things were brought to a head? Whether to bring about an incident or to counter Bun's truculence, they told him not to go too far with the works manager, who'd done a little boxing at a neighbouring athletic club. 'He's done some fighting,' they said, 'and his temper's awful'.

The necessary form was filled in and



M. M. Fedotou a Stakhanovite worker who increased his output 200 per cent on the first day of a U.S.S.R competition

endorsed by the proprietor. Bun gave as his reason for wanting to leave, 'dissatisfaction and unfairation'. Permission was granted by the Unemployment Exchange and Bun had only to work out his week's notice and depart in peace. But this was too much for him. The tales of the works manager's prowess put him on his mettle. By the middle of the week he had reduced his output to such a point that there would have been difficulty in measuring it by any known system, and what he produced involved so much scrap that he was put on to fitting a component weighing a pound or two to a turned steel bar, about an inch and a half in diameter by three feet long. The work was too heavy, he said. The works manager was sent for, Bun may have expected that force would be used, and judged that attack was the best means of defence, or may possibly have wanted to show off in front of his mates. At any rate, he raised the turned steel shaft and made as if to strike his superior officer, who gave him a push so that he sat down heavily on a heap of sharply cornered components.

He was told to leave immediately, but that would have meant losing a day or two's pay. He didn't want to stay and he didn't want to leave. He refused to budge and, taking up the steel again, threatened to go berserk. It was at this point that the proprietor came on the scene and Bun was persuaded to leave quietly.

The whole story, heard at second-hand, impressed me greatly. Was this sort of thing general? I found on making inquiries that it undoubtedly was—but only amongst a minority. I discussed the matter with a friend, a young woman of Left-wing opinions, called Carlene Marksworth. 'Ah!' she said, 'if Mr. Bun hadn't been working under a system based on exploitation of the workers, he would have pulled his weight. You see it makes all the difference in the world if he knows that he is working in an industry which partly belongs to him, and is not the property of some well-meaning but misguided private profit-maker. He would know perfectly well that his efforts were going to benefit his fellow-workers, and, therefore, himself.'

I wondered whether we were justified in making this assumption, and said, 'I've always understood that even under the Soviets there were some sanctions in the background for those comrades who showed themselves to be confirmed slackers.'

She became a little vague and defensive.

'What means then,' I continued, 'should be used now, and what later if post-war conditions are to be such as to afford full employment and abundance for all? For under a British Reformed Economy of a compromise type likely

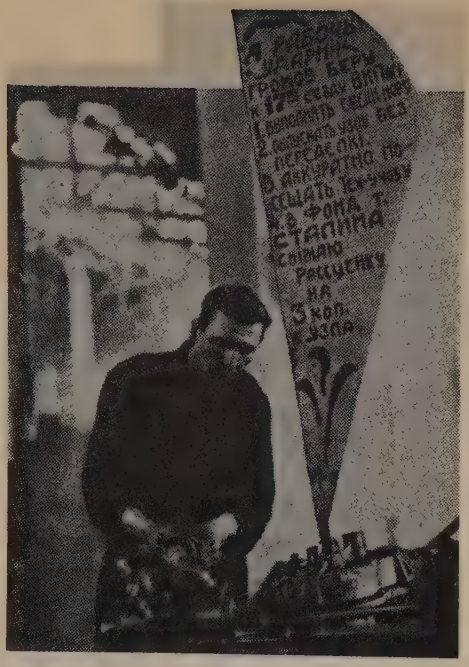
to appeal to the electorate, part of the nation's industry may be publicly owned, but part will almost certainly still carry on behind a capitalist façade. And in any case you will still have to cope with the likes of Mr. Bun.'

'As a capitalist oppressor you would presumably give them the sack.'

'What would be the use of that?' I asked, 'since no one would mind getting discharged, any more than they do now, knowing that a fresh job was to be had immediately for the asking. Surely, what you need is some mild deterrent—punishment, if you like—to take the place of the old fear of unemployment. I believe that employers are now allowed to suspend operatives for up to three days with loss of pay. This is probably all that is required providing that their earnings are already not so high and the hours not so long as to make it a happy release.'

'I can't see why the employer or the foreman should have the right to punish a man arbitrarily in any way at all,' Carlene replied. 'We are supposed to be fighting for democratic institutions. No one should be judge in his own cause. As things are, your foreman is prosecuting counsel, judge and jury all rolled into one. You only heard the foreman's side; I should have liked to have heard Mr. Bun's version of the case. It seems to me that industry has gone *Nazi*. Let the workers themselves deal with your Mr. Bun. They'd make him pull his weight soon enough!'

I agreed that in cases of dispute a worker should be entitled to a trial by his own peers. To help the working of industrial justice there should also be a body of carefully picked and trained umpires, or referees. They should be brought in where there was a sense of injustice on either side; used sparingly, of course—no one wants an official to



THE STAKHANOVITE PLEDGE
'I shall always discharge my daily tasks.
I shall produce perfect work.
I shall always attend party meetings.
For Comrade Stalin I shall do the work of three men.'

be brought into every petty dispute—but they would serve the purpose of educating both sides. The fault is quite as likely to be the employer's as the worker's. This would be a much more satisfactory method of settling disputes than by prosecution. What we needed, I said, was a combination of leadership and democratic principles.

Carlene said that she had yet to be persuaded that there was any need for deterrents at all. But if there were, in a socialised industry, owned by the workers and managers, they would themselves be the first to censure slackness and jump on it severely. She recommended me to read some of the latest works on industrial psychology. It was feelings and attitudes, in short, the human element, that were the important factors, and few employers or charge-hands, or trade union officials, realised it. She would like to hear the verdict of a trained

industrial psychologist on the case of Mr. Bun.

STAKHANOVITES FOR BRITAIN!

I nodded assent, and said that with suitable handling Bun might well have behaved differently. But it was going to take time before the most enlightened methods became general, and in the meantime industry was getting more and more difficult to control. This was during a war when the need for co-operation was felt by the majority. But what would it be like when peace broke out? Should we have to go back to the old unemployment-terrorism just to get things done? The changeover from normal to excessive demand for workers had all come about so rapidly, it was surprising that there had not been more friction. 'You, yourself,' I said, 'went to one of these modern schools where punishments have been abolished, but I doubt whether all punishments will ever be abolished from all schools. What would be the result if within a few months or a year, all punishments, including expulsion and superannuation were abolished from all our older public schools and universities? Would the staff and scholars be able to adjust themselves sufficiently quickly to avoid some disorganisation? And yet in industry this is about what has happened.'

She thought for a minute and then said, 'What a difference it would make supposing we had something like a Stakhanovite[1] movement in this country. It would provide the incentive for the younger generation of workers, and would eventually mean that industry would be managed by people who *know*, rather than by financial magnates and directors' friends. There's only one thing for it, and that's abolish monopoly exploitation!'

'All right,' I said. 'But you'll still have to find some way of dealing with Mr. Bun and his kind.'

Carlene reflected and then said: 'He may be one of industry's problem children. It's just possible that he'd give trouble under any system'.

'I can't see it,' I replied. 'He may have been a little extreme in his methods, but there must be at present a number of workers who want to leave because they think they can better themselves, and when they find they can't, they "play it up" in order to get a change. And if you don't stop it, directly there's an abnormal demand for labour, cash wage-rates and prices go spiralling up. Probably the real reason Bun wanted to leave was because he had heard that there was better money to be earned elsewhere. But in peacetime the employers can always hold their own, because they can fix their own selling prices, and they fix them high enough to stop the abnormal demand.'

'Surely not,' she said, 'if they fix them too high they are beaten by their own competitors.'

TRADE UNIONS MUST PLAY THEIR PART

'That's only half true, for at any given time manufacturers can fix the selling prices anywhere between an upper and lower limit without affecting their return on capital. Consciously or unconsciously they choose the higher. The result is that output is restricted somewhat, a few less hands are required, the margin of unemployment is restored, wages are kept at such a level, as will make profits again possible, and so the wasteful process is continued.'

'I can believe anything of the capitalist, but what about Ford's policy?'

'I'll agree that at certain times there may be exceptions, but isn't it just the American motor combines that, by keeping up prices, can make the same return by running the plants at half

[1] Stakhanov was a Soviet miner who produced a record quantity of coal in a given time. The word 'Stakhanovite' has become a generic term for the most efficient amongst the industrial and agricultural workers. The Stakhanovites form a sort of aristocracy. They are looked up to and given special privileges.

capacity as they can all out? That, surely, has been one of the reasons why the industrial side of the New Deal has been so disappointing.'

'I'm not much impressed,' she said. 'If industry were owned and run by the workers the question of wage levels just wouldn't arise. It would be automatically fixed by their combined skill and output. Why not scrap the whole system?'

'That's unnecessary and not likely to happen,' I replied. 'Make up your mind as to the end and then consider the means most suited to this country. Is not our aim full employment and abundance? Sensible goods of the right sort, produced under democratic conditions. Whatever you do you must have capable disinterested people right at the top. Taking them by and large there is nothing wrong with the managers and technicians. Given equality of opportunity and education they can safely be left to get on with their jobs. But the Trade Unions will have to play their part. Trained and experienced in finding out to a penny just what "the traffic will bear", to negotiating and struggling for a higher standard of living for the workers, they will have to take a rather different line if the standard of living can only be raised through improvements in the rate and quality of production.'

'What about big business and finance? Hasn't it brought the country to the brink of disaster?'

'That's as much the fault of the system as the individuals. Things are so arranged that the professional company director is responsible to no one except his own clique. Some of them will admittedly have to be replaced, but by whom? If we want to reform industry is not the first step to create a picked body of trustee directors? Men with business experience —not of civil service mentality—but willing to act on the boards of one or more of the large combines. Such men are to be found. As long as their influence dominates the policy of the board, making it broadly social, influencing selling prices and costs, there is no reason why much of this existing machinery should not be run with much greater efficiency than at present. The results to the community, however, would be immeasurably improved.'

WISH-THINKING OR PRACTICAL REFORMS?

'You've still got the profit motive. It all sounds to me like a piece of pink Trotskyism. There's only one solution, the workers must own the means of production.'

'Public ownership with full compensation in the form of State Bonds can safely follow. Leave the rest to taxation and death duties.'

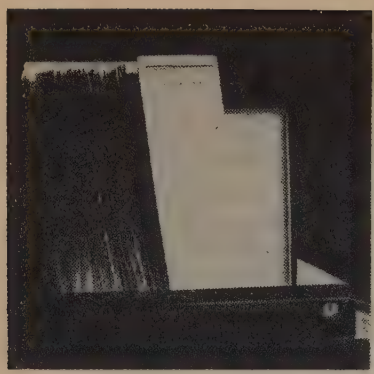
'That sounds fine, but you'll get nothing done without a revolution.'

'It may come to that, but I doubt it. I'm not saying that we shan't get near a revolution, but at the last minute there will be a change, just as there was at the time of the Reform Bill.'

'That's typical liberal wish-thinking,' she said. 'In Russia they had to liquidate your kind before they could move!'

'Yes! and look at the results. By 1921 they had brought the whole country to the verge of starvation. What's sauce for the British goose is not necessarily sauce for the Russian gander.'

It was at this point that we were joined by a young man of her own Party. They were both bound for the same meeting, and as they were already somewhat late, Carlene Marksworth rose and left me without ceremony, muttering the while: 'He means well, I suppose. . . . So willing to learn, but my dear, how too desperately misguided.



A THOUSAND YEARS OF PEACE—*instead of the armed truce of twenty which the Versailles Treaty, shown in this photograph, has so disastrously initiated*

A Thousand Years of Peace

by ZYGMUNT LITYNSKI

'There is only one way to guarantee peace, and that is by power,' says Zygmunt Litynski, distinguished Polish writer, who urges the responsibility of Britain and the U.S.A. to organise that power now

In launching this war, Hitler announced that he started it in order to guarantee a thousand years of peace for the German people.

Of all his promises this sounded the most fantastic. And yet should it not be considered as the most realistic? Have we ever stopped to consider what this visionary crazed with Germanism, this prophet who, in the epilogue of *Mein Kampf*, promised his worshippers the conquest of the world, meant by this?

The peace of Westphalia lasted for twenty years; the peace established by the Vienna Congress hardly fifty; the peace of Versailles hardly twenty. What possessed Hitler when he spoke of an eternal peace? Here is the answer. He thought, quite simply, that as the forward march of science had trampled down all the rules of war and domination, he could also use that forward march to upset the course of history. He thought in particular that a nation possessing many armoured divisions and several thousand warplanes could hold down, indefinitely, ten or twenty other nations lacking this weight of steel; that it would be enough to construct a certain number of armed bases in Europe or throughout the world, and to control the industrial production of his neighbours so that it would be subservient to his dictated 'order'. His judgment was correct. It is as a result of this that the war takes on its present dramatic aspect. For the first time in history we are living through events that have a definitive significance.

Machine-guns and tear gases have changed the technique of revolution. What new important changes will be brought about by armoured divisions, bombers and fighters? A few of the changes are already easy to see. Do you know how many Germans there are in France? According to the most reliable sources there are 300,000 men, three-quarters of this number being veterans, third-class soldiers, incapable of serving on the Eastern Front. Before the shadows of these 300,000 Germans, 40,000,000 Frenchmen tremble in terror. Why don't these Frenchmen revolt, why don't they seize the opportunity, provided by the war in Russia to chase the invaders out? Why must Pétain speak in whining tones? Why? Because the 300,000 Germans have tanks and aeroplanes and the French have none.

Let us imagine, while you read these

words, that a magical transformation takes place and all the tanks and aeroplanes in the world evaporate and disappear into thin air. Let us imagine still further that, at the same moment and by the same magic, 10,000 tanks and 10,000 aeroplanes materialise in a tiny country —take Luxembourg as an example. You realise, of course, what would happen? The worthy Duchesse Charlotte, if she happened to be installed in her castle at this moment, could rule Europe. She could wire the most fantastic orders to Berlin, Paris or London, which would be promptly carried out for fear of the power of her armoured divisions and her warplanes. And that is not all. The good Duchesse Charlotte could order Paris, London and Berlin to build more tanks and more warplanes immediately and send them one by one into Luxembourg. You think that crazy? I do too. Science has made the world mad, and one can only adapt oneself to it.

Yes, Hitler knows perfectly well why he went to war. If he wins, he will try to establish his thousand-year peace, a permanent peace, the most terrible of all peaces for the vanquished.

Hitler has not won the war. He will lose it, must surely lose it, if the freedom-loving nations understand the enormous issues at stake in this battle. The day will come when, after being defeated, after losing her last armoured division, her last squadron, Germany will lie wide open to the armoured divisions of the two countries who alone have power to increase their production to the point at which this miracle can be achieved, and those two countries are Great Britain and the U.S.A.

Britain and the United States have not promised the world a thousand years of peace. And yet, if they win this war, and I repeat they must win it, they will have in their hands the same possibilities of establishing their 'new order' as those envisaged by Hitler. Anglo-American armoured divisions will be able to roll across the European Continent just as German armoured divisions sweep all before them to-day. They will be able to do it with more confidence, for in most European countries the British and Americans will be hailed as liberators. You see what I am getting at?

Hitler dreamed of using scientific means to impose a *Pax Germanica* on the world. Do Britain and the United States intend using these same means to impose their peace on the world—a just peace? Until now the British and Americans have been content to outline the few general ideas contained in the Atlantic Declaration. It would indeed be tragic if their silence did not conceal a more detailed plan for the days after victory, a plan to guarantee the very long period of peace necessary if the new social revolutions already taking shape for the future are to bring mankind to happiness and not to renewed strife.

Here in Britain we know that we want to win the war. But do we know what we want to do after the war? We plan to outline new European frontiers, to create new states, new leagues of nations; to establish new bases for political and economic collaboration; we talk of federations. But, above all, let us avoid the old errors, let us keep our heads below the clouds. All this can be achieved; Europe can become the happiest continent in the world. But it will take time, a great deal of time, to untangle all the problems, to forget all the old wounds. Above all, a long period of time will be needed, which it will be the strict duty of Britain and the United States to guarantee. If they shirk this responsibility, if they fail to take the

situation firmly in hand from the first moment of peace, from the first moment after victory, the time lost will never be regained. There will be the risk that all sacrifices will have been made in vain. An Anglo-American plan revealing how peace will be organised, how it will be enforced, should have appeared a long time ago.

There is only one way to guarantee peace, and that is by power. In 1919 the map of Europe was re-drawn; many just reparations were made, and an organisation was founded which should have been able to settle peacefully all future disputes. The Treaty of Versailles has many critics. At the same time, if one looks back calmly at those events down the perspective of years, it does not look as bad as all that. I believe that the faults of that treaty were not sins of commission, but rather sins of omission. We omitted to organise a force with which to insist that the peace that had been created should be kept.

It is not, however, at all certain that we could have achieved that in 1919. What kind of an army would be required to ensure that its law would be respected by twenty other European nations? Millions of men, fully armed, would have to keep watch over an enormous quantity of war materials. How could we have organised that, and maintained it? Several Frenchmen believed that a large enough army could be kept under the leadership of the League of Nations, but this idea had to be abandoned. Unable to do otherwise, we reverted to the old idea of alliances, of the 'balance of power' which changed so swiftly into an over-balance of power.

At the end of this war the situation will be quite different. The answer to the problem of keeping peace, although it has eluded international experts during the past twenty-two years, will at last be easy to find. Twenty Anglo-American armoured divisions, or, if you prefer it, twenty international divisions, 250,000 infantrymen at the very most, and 25,000 airmen would be sufficient to police a Europe liberated from the Teutonic hegemony and thirsting for a new and better order.

The idea is there. To achieve it technicians must start working the moment that politicians prepare their general plan. The success of the outcome will depend chiefly on the efforts of the former. For it will be the technicians who will have to determine the exact number of armoured divisions and squadrons which will be required by the future European police force. They will have to study the map of Europe very carefully to decide which places could best be adapted as armed bases from which this police force could operate. It should not be difficult to find emplacements near the danger spots of Europe. Above all, we must decide how, in the future, all industries capable of producing armaments and all materials of war shall be controlled.

Hitler calculated that if he won the war no power would be strong enough to hinder the fulfilment of his grandiose plans for world conquest. From the very instant that Germany loses this war, it will be our task to reach the opposite goal; to prevent, for ever, a repetition of the horrors and miseries suffered by us all. The force in question will not be a weapon forged for conquest and domination, but a power to keep order in Europe, just as the police keep the peace in our cities.

Hitler's calculations were based on the theory of using strength to achieve evil results. Britain and the United States must use it for the good of all humanity.

SCIENCE FRONT

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

You're reading. Your eyes are remaining fixed on one spot for about a half to a fifth of a second, during which time you take in some nine or ten letters; then, with a jump lasting about three hundredths of a second, they leap on to a new fixation-point. And as time goes on, you are blinking about ten times a minute (unless you are concentrating too hard). Each blink, which occupies three-tenths of a second, involves a rotation of your eyes inwards and upwards before they face front again to settle on a new fixation.

These figures come from a recent study of the mechanics of reading made by two American scientists. They followed these extremely rapid movements by means of a sensitive electrical apparatus, which picked up and amplified the minute currents set up by the contractions and expansions of the muscles by which the eye-balls are rotated. There are six of these muscles for each eye. For each group of nine or ten letters they all have to be moved; and moved so that both eyes work together. Merely to contemplate such rapid, precise and multitudinous work will, I hope, not be enough to make you stop reading at this point in fear of overtiring yourself. Try blinking instead; because it appears that blinking does not, as we used to think, serve merely to moisten and clean the surface of the eye-ball. It also allows the eye muscles to stretch their legs, as it were, and prevents them tiring so rapidly. In really concentrated reading we apparently forget to blink and our eyes become tired much sooner.

Perhaps the oddest thing about reading is that our eyes seem not to work by the actual size of the type, but by the complexity of the shapes which they have to register. That is to say, we read about the same number of letters in a single fixation whether the letters are printed very small or quite large. We move our eyes from one fixation to the next, not because we have seen everything within our field of view, but because our perceptive faculties have had enough of that position and want a new one. So it is not unexpected to find that it is the brain which gets tired of reading before the eye muscles become fatigued.

A RADIO PROBE FOR DETECTING SHELL FRAGMENTS

One of the difficulties of war surgery is to detect and remove all the splinters and fragments which may have got into a wounded man; often they travel a considerable distance from their point of entry, and they are then not at all easy to follow up. They can be seen, of course, if a general X-ray photo of the patient is taken. But that takes time, and the available X-ray apparatus is likely to be kept very busy on other jobs. A new device for tracing lumps of metal in the body has recently been introduced. A tuning-coil, attached to a radio oscillator, is mounted in a thin porcelain tube. When this is brought near a particle of metal, the inductance of the coil changes, and alters the frequency of the oscillator. It is easy to arrange a circuit which enables one to detect this frequency change by the alteration in pitch of a note; and the surgeon can listen his way towards the buried bullet.

WHY ARE THERE ANY VITAMINS?

The sober bulletins of the Ministry of Health, as well as advertisements, keep urging us to eat 'protective foods' which contain vitamins. Many people will have noticed that most of these foods are vegetables. We get vitamin A in green vegetables; 'vitamin B' (there are really several slightly different vitamin B's) comes from seeds, such as whole wheat; vitamin C is found in fruits, such as oranges and apples. Only vitamin D is not primarily a plant product; we either make it in our own bodies, if there is sufficient sunlight, or we get it (along with vitamin A) at secondhand in fish liver oils. One may ask why the plants make these vitamins. It is very nice for us that they perform the complicated chemical processes required to turn out the substances we need to protect us against various illnesses, but it seems too good to be true unless the plants also get something out of it.

Until a few years ago, nothing was known of why plants make vitamins. Now we know that several of them, at any rate, are as essential to plants as they are to us. Vitamin C, in fact, is probably more important to plants, taking part in the fundamental energy-making reactions on which their life depends and which animals carry out by other means. Several of the vitamin B's are also known to play important rôles. Vitamin

B1, for instance, is formed in leaves and passes from there to the roots, whose growth it stimulates. Only very minute quantities are necessary; it has been said that 1 gram of B1 (enough 'to cover a threepenny bit') is sufficient for the growth of 1,200 miles of root. The supplies we eat in seeds are, of course, the stores which have been laid down to give the new plant a start in life before it has leaves to manufacture its own vitamin.

Our knowledge of the functions of vitamins in plants is quite new, but it has already been put to good use. Judicious use of vitamin B1 sometimes makes it possible to root cuttings which normally do not take. This is a good beginning, but the procedure is ticklish and does not always come off; there are certainly other vitamins concerned, which we do not yet understand.

FOOD MACHINES

New estimates have recently been published of the efficiencies of various animals as food factories. The job that we give to the cow, the sheep, the hen and the pig, is to take the rather unsatisfactory protein-foods out of plants and convert them into other proteins which we can more easily assimilate. They vary widely in their efficiency at this task. An ordinary dairy cow gives us back in her milk about 35 per cent of the protein she receives, a laying hen about 26–29 per cent. Pigs and fattened poultry come next, with a return of about 20 per cent as pork or chicken-meat. Cows and sheep have the lowest conversion-rates, varying from as little as 5 per cent. to as much as 15 per cent according to whether one considers veal and lamb or beef and mutton.

These figures are, of course, not the whole story when one is considering the best policy for agriculture; then one has to take account of the food used to rear the animals to an age when they begin to give a return and of a number of other factors. But they are important in showing how comparatively inefficiently our domestic animals serve us, even when they are running full blast. And it is interesting to note that the processes which, in nature, are concerned with building up the next generation (the production of milk and eggs) are considerably more efficient than the formation of flesh in the animal itself. This is what we should expect. If it were not so, the inefficiency of reproduction would be terrific; the food-stuffs which a hen or cow turn into eggs or milk, have to be assimilated by a not-very-efficient chick or calf before they eventually become living flesh. And obviously an animal which provides adequately for its young is more likely to rear its offspring to maturity, and thus be successful in evolution, than is one which simply fattens itself.

THE FLYING WING

Last month saw one of the most significant, and neglected, of anniversaries. On December 17th, 1903, the first successful power-driven flight was made by the Wright Brothers on the sandhills of Kitty Hawk in the United States. This year, Mr. Orville Wright celebrated his seventieth birthday. Within his lifetime, airplanes have changed from elaborate box-shaped kites, mazes of struts and strings, to the sleek monstrous fish that slide through our skies. And they are still evolving. Here is the latest version of the tailless, 'Pterodactyl' type. It is an American design, developed by Northrop. By eliminating the tail, he claims to reduce wind resistance by 40 per cent and get 25–30 per cent more speed for the same horse-power. The cabin is nearly entirely enclosed in the thick wings, which also house the engines. The only excrescences which break the smoothness of the surface are the two pusher propellers, and a lethal-looking spike in front, which is actually not a gun but a mounting for the airspeed indicator.

The latest tailless American aeroplane developed by Northrop

The Child and the War

by CHARLES ROSNER and Dr. FRANZ SCHILLER

Charles Rosner, an eminent art critic and publicity expert, joins forces with Dr. Franz Schiller, noted psychologist, to analyse the effects and influences of war on the infant mind. Their survey is based on a recent exhibition of war posters drawn by children and reaches some startling and highly original conclusions

For the first time in eighty-eight years, the Royal Academy opened the doors of Burlington House to youth.

Perhaps it was to atone for all their former sins of omission that they admitted the very youngest generation.

And the school-children from five to eighteen, from the Orkneys to Land's End, from the slums to the public schools, fully justified their presence on those august walls.

The National Poster Competition for Schools, promoted by the National Savings Campaign, enabled 50,000 children to exercise their creative imagination. From this enormous output a selection of 1,500 was exhibited.

The purpose must have been to prove the popularity of the National Savings Campaign by demonstrating the appeal it has on the child mind, and thus inspire the adults.

The exhibitors were led by the tendency to impress the public with the mass of material rather than by a plan of arranging the posters with a regard to their astonishing quality; and the visitor had an extremely difficult task in forming a clear opinion. Still, the exhibition gave an overwhelming insight into the child's way of realising the problems of the community.

It was a mass test.

The only instruction they had from their teachers was, to do their bit by drawing War Savings Posters. They already knew all about War Savings, most of them being members of a School War Savings Group. Any medium, e.g. poster paint, pastel, pen and ink, etc., was permitted and the size was to be 10–20 by 15–30 inches. Each poster had to be designed and executed by the child who submitted it.

It is, however, difficult for the child to eliminate all 'benevolent' interference from its grown-up surroundings and some of the trends and ideas may not have been entirely genuine.

But we may disregard this point, for these children contrive to teach us quite a number of important lessons, mainly by showing how to give publicity that certain touch of innocence and indirect, yet irresistible, approach to the 'common unconscious' or 'preconscious', for the child will easily and naturally mix up the rational with the irrational, using the most unexpected associations. Limited

and hazy as his mind may be, his ill-defined ideas are strongly emotional, and that is such stuff as our dreams (and the mass-soul) are made on.

Experimenting with the child as an early stage of human development we learn much about ourselves.

The same procedure, followed unconsciously by the child, is adopted by the poster artist when he wants to make contact with, and stir up, the primitive thinking and primary emotions of his public. Yet while he has to travel all the way back to the childish mentality by a *tour de force* of his mind or by what the psychoanalysts call 'regression', the school child is still living with his whole personality in a realm, where the transition from wish to reality and from reality to wish is a matter of course. Thoughts, feelings, objects and their pictorial representations are undivided in his primitive mind.

On the other hand, the adult of our days is living in a world, an *Orbis Pictus* of posters, enforced on him by commercial and political interests. We may compare the Underground stations with the cave-dweller's walls, covered with magical paintings. The *Orbis Pictus* of Johann Amos Comenius—father of modern education — has been transformed by a technical age. 'Books', he wrote, 'may serve to draw the children's attention to the pictured objects in order to convey knowledge by play and joke.' The children of our day have been given freedom to pay back and influence their instructors by the very methods these had devised to impress the immature mind.

It is striking that poster or 'wall' propaganda has unwittingly passed through the same stages of development as education: namely, from the written word to the more appealing combination of coloured drawings and words, thus falling back on the original means of symbolical communication between men.

In the upheaval of our time when all boundary lines are removed by the forces that strive to destroy the old and create a new world, we are becoming less and less able to distinguish between conceptions that formerly seemed to be fixed, such as education, propaganda and art, the child and the adult, the different social classes, war-mindedness and pacifism, conservative and revolutionary, regressive and progressive tendencies, etc. So we must not be surprised to find total war adequately reflected in the mind of the youngest members of the community in which they are destined to serve.

It is only fair of this age to ask its children for their views of it, for they have to 'take it' to the same extent as their grown-up comrades. This fact has been illustrated by a leading surgeon in one of the Continental capitals overrun by the Nazis who, in a public lecture on war injuries, used only the cases of children mutilated by the aggressor's bombs and bullets to demonstrate his points.

1. STOP ME AND BUY ONE

A boy aged six gives his conception of what for him is the essence of publicity and of the human body. His urge to impress others by what he has been impressed finds here a striking outlet. The austerity of his means leads to a symbolical representation of a man, by outlining head, neck, body, arms and legs in the most crude manner. Unable to deal with the copiousness of the details of reality he is forced to reduce his experience to a formula. But no professional designer could have had a better device of catching our attention by this amusing reduction to essentials and the witty application of a slogan invented to stimulate the all too human fondness of dainties. Ice-cream and war-savings—what an attractive combination!

2. TO MY COUNTRY—FROM BILLY

A huge 'money-box' dedicated 'to my country from Billy', by a boy aged eight is a more subtle, indirect appeal to the saving instinct. Having learned to keep

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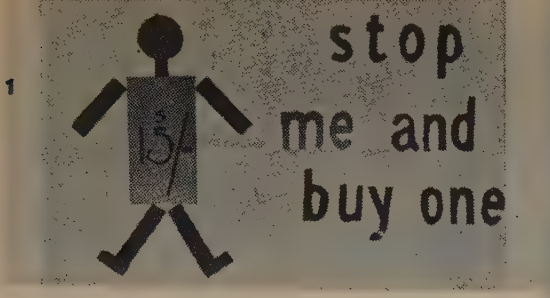

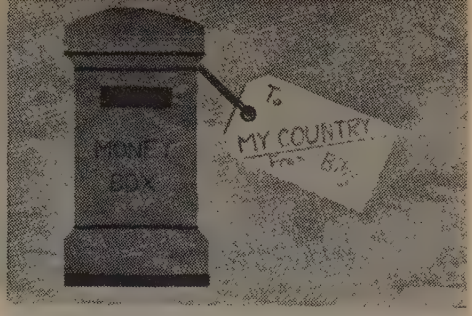

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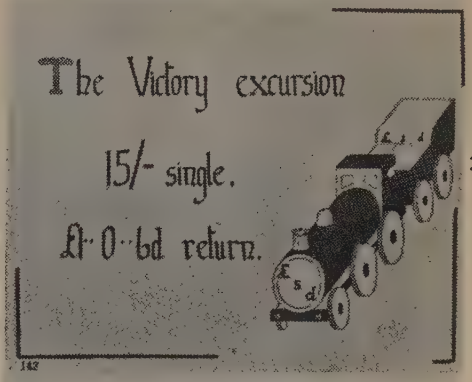
most of his feelings and instincts under the control of his will, this boy knows the value of self-sacrifice and is apparently boasting of this recently acquired virtue. On the other hand, the concrete quality of the gift and the self-centred way in which it is offered is touching in its childish directness of approach which knows no shame of relating everything to itself.

3. THE VICTORY EXCURSION

By a child aged 13, showing more mature understanding of money matters and a more distinctly shaped personality. Using also a familiar topic of the child's life, an amusingly shrewd talent for persuasion is displayed. Pleasure-minded and business-minded, this child points the way to Victory by the strong appeal of a promise of easy gain and good fun—'tout compris'!



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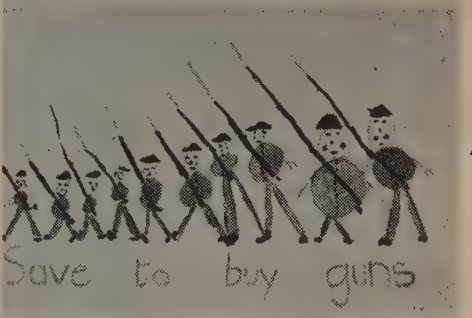
4. SAVE TO BUY GUNS

A boy of five leads us to the front line, focusing our attention on the purpose of the campaign in a manly, straightforward way. It is, of course, inspired by the common day-dream of boys to invent and to master playmates, thus magically increasing the power of the dreamer; the unbroken and deeply-rooted joy of creating equals and the indulging in the repetition of these pleasant emotions. He draws some additional satisfaction from his clumsy attempt of perspective representation and individual characterization. This is the eternal motive of the seven dwarfs who are endowed with the greatest uniformity of the martial spirit.



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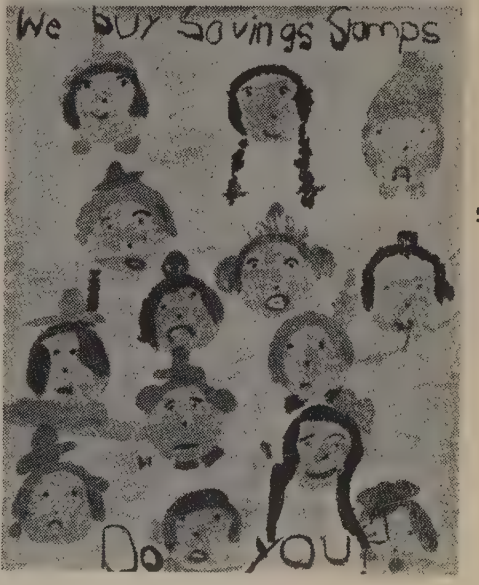
5. WE BUY SAVINGS STAMPS—DO YOU?

This girl of five gives another example of primitive art, consisting of the juxtaposition of similar figures, another expression of the herd-spirit which enables the individual to feel stronger by multiplication. There is a definite sense for collective duties and for the superiority of one's own group. While the boy seems to exert command over his imaginary soldiers the girl appears to hide behind others to be merged in the community. The portraits are strikingly well-characterised, and our young female artist makes her creations have as great variety in make-up and hair-style as she might wish for herself.



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6. EACH COIN ANOTHER NAIL IN HITLER'S COFFIN

A boy aged eleven. Leaving the warm and concrete atmosphere of cheerful human gatherings, we are shown into the dreadful world of destruction and the chilly climate of metaphorical thinking. A cold, cruel silhouette of a hand with a hammer is hitting a nail irresistibly. 'Hitler's coffin' is not represented and the nail is a missile hurled down through the blazing skies towards an imaginary target: Hitler's coffin, Hitler's cities; wishful thinking eliminating any resistance from its fantasy. (Hammering a nail is a very common symbol both for construction and destruction, and has in this ambivalent function served to keep up the aggressive spirit of the German Hinterland in the last war. Wooden statues were erected into which the middle classes were invited to drive nails which were on sale for the national benefit.)

7. LEND TO AVENGE

Boy aged thirteen. We are plunged deeply into the pathetic horrors of the war. In contrast to the preceding poster we find in this more passive and static motive a tenacious and almost masochistic gloom over the tragic fate of burning cities. A boy with an open mind for monumental scenic effects and with noble revolutionary leanings. Both he and the artist of No. 6 are Essex children, and in this extensively bombed area the 'Bomb Berlin!' spirit of revenge may have borne these fruits.

8. IT IS YOUR DUTY TO PUT ON THE PRESSURE

Child aged fifteen. The boot called 'National Savings' threatening to crush with nails, terrifying like the teeth of a shark, the vainly boastful figures of Adolf and Musso is at the same time a good expression of the cruelty of duty and the so-called 'super-ego'. Anybody may feel duty as a menace to his self-realisation. When this feeling is overcome, duty may be amalgamated with, and used as, a justification for aggressive instincts against the outer world. The figures of the Dictators are taking the place of the beetles and worms which the boys are told not to kill. In this poster the killing is represented as a gratifying duty.

9. LET'S STAMP HIM OUT

Boy aged thirteen. The use of the double meaning of 'stamp' has been a frequent feature among the exhibits. This is a dashing caricature of Hitler's bewildered face, being smacked by sticking Saving Stamps and scoring hits on him. This way of dealing with an enemy of the community has always been a custom with primitive societies. The symbolical destruction or punishment of a dummy has a gratifying effect upon harassed minds who indulge in the ridiculous helplessness to which a formidable person is reduced.

10. BURY THEM—WITH NATIONAL SAVINGS

Child aged fourteen. Hitler and Musso again, the scapegoats on whom one may project and concentrate all the unpleasant feelings one wants to get rid of. Here they are, panic-stricken, helplessly pinned to the pillory of an autumnal tree. England, October 1940; the leaves are falling, so are the bombs, and the imagination is tormented by phrases like 'buried alive'. 'We can take it,' yes, but to buck us up, let us not only imagine but actually make the suggestion visible that they, too, will get it in their turn. Let the leaves be transformed into Savings, and the savings into bombs, let the birds be planes and our agony theirs. We, babes in the wood, we babes under bombs, from which we have had a narrow escape, want to picture how miserable and ridiculous the evil-doers look when they are getting into our troubles as we bury them—now in effigy and, later on, let's hope, in reality.

11. HAVE YOU DONE YOUR BIT?

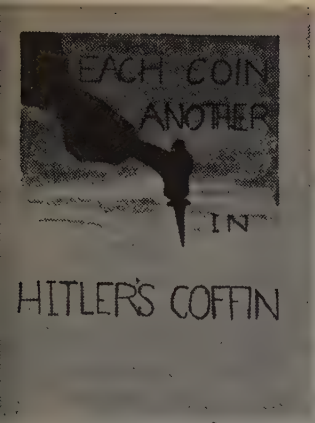
Many posters had the Prime Minister for their subject. His inspiring features invite to be transformed into good-humoured caricatures of a fatherly image. Being 'grim and gay', they symbolise the spirit of this country as opposed to the humourless Fuehrer. Mr. Churchill's unceasing work for his 'children' gives him the right to put the suggestive question pointing to everybody's responsibility.

12. GET HIM ON THE RUN

Whereas, in drawing No 10, anxiety as the driving factor was manifest, it is completely dissolved and overcome by the humour of the toy-book and the comic strips in this one. Adolf has been turned into a delightfully harmless, stupid, plump little bunny, the symbol of fear and its good-humoured, well balanced author may fancy himself as a mighty hunter. 'Run, rabbit, run!' nursery rhymes give the exhilarating sensation of dangers having become jokes, and fear and frustration delight.

13. YOU PAY THE PIPER. WE'LL MAKE ADOLF DANCE

Two boys, aged nine and ten. Another example of the collective mind in the making: co-operating authors expressing the spirit of co-operation. Again we are faced with the appeal that the repetition of pleasant objects has to the primitive mind. Primitive art is necessarily and essentially ornamental; ideas seeking a formula are met by reality that has to be abstracted into symbols—by analogies. Tiller girl-parades or the rhythm of a song, the latter being the very essence of music—they all help to overcome slackness, depression, fatigue. They are the magic forces introduced by our child artist. The common enemy is made to dance or is put 'on the run'.



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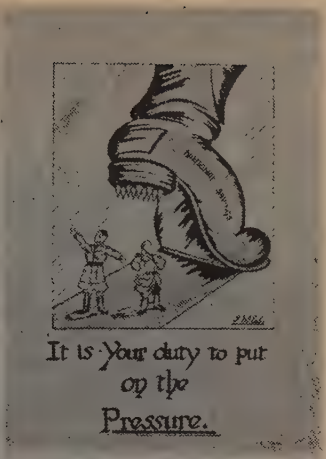

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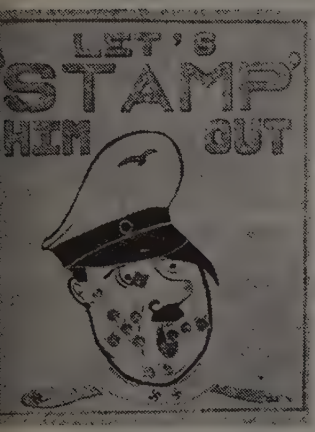

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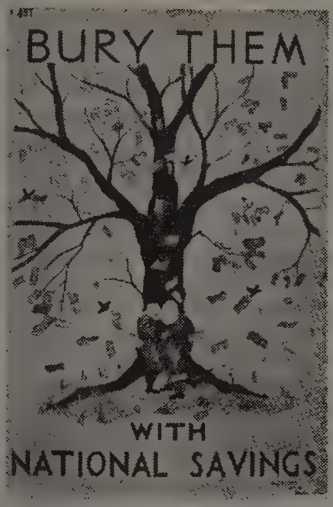

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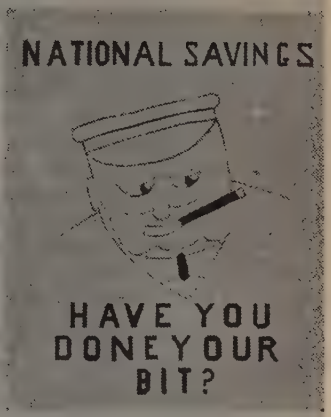

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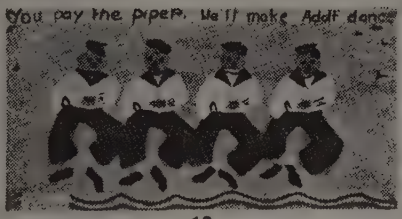

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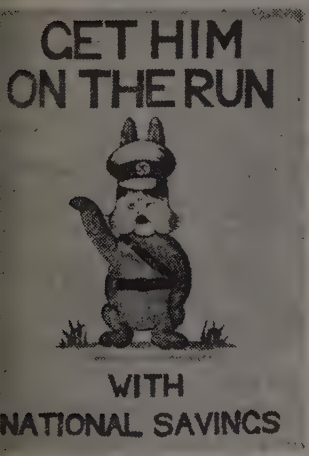

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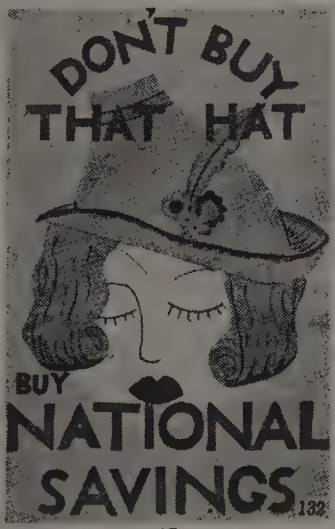

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14. SHIP AHOY! I NEED A BOAT . . .

Two children, aged fourteen and fifteen. It seems that music and the navy, a sense for the cheerful angle, make as good a tie for companionship as the rope ornamentally displayed in this poster. With a gaily rhymed slogan it frames this breezy, dancing sailor. Incidentally, we may infer from our material that the youth of England is still more navy-minded than air-force-minded. This is not surprising for, apart from its deeply-rooted tradition, the continuous life at sea lends itself much more to our senses and hearts than the spasmodic exploits based upon a complicated but monotonous machine.

15. DON'T BUY THAT HAT—BUY WAR SAVINGS

A girl, aged thirteen. All our previous drawings gave the scope for the money to be raised; this is the only one to give its origin. Children, especially those from the upper classes, never bother where the money comes from, and it may be not merely incidental that our artist is attending an East End School. This satire with which she expresses her humorous contempt for the 'lady' and her affected Hollywood smartness may easily be recognised as the child's repressed longing to possess ornaments similar to the one she is ridiculing here under the cover of national duty.

Many more astonishing slogans have been coined and illustrated. From the mere mechanical pun *More Eggs for Hamm!* (13 and 14 years), accompanied by dashing bombs, to the lapidary *Save Under Him* (with a caricature of Winston) *or Slave Under Him* (with one of Adolf), and to the charming and highly typical nonsense *Why did Hess Come Here?—To join Our National Savings Group*, showing a parachute with a tiny Hess attached to it, by a boy aged 11, there were numerous instances that showed the versatility and ease by which these boys and girls were able to associate the most distant images. They also knew with a sleep-walking assurance how to put them on paper, how to please and to convince and how to proceed by the shortest way from anxiety to pleasure—namely, by wit. Only children educated in some kind of freedom could have done so, for 'Wit brings freedom and freedom wit'.

We are sorry to state that the sound idea to make the public vote in order to attribute prizes to the best posters exhibited has proved a failure. Of 21,719 people visiting the Exhibition only 5,193—that is less than 25 per cent—voted. This fact may be accounted for by the difficulty for any critically-minded visitor to choose three posters from this ocean of sparkling ideas. Those who had enough self-assurance to give their opinion produced a result which is not very flattering to them. One cannot help having the impression that they were all drawing-masters or overwhelmed by the spirit of those academical grounds. They favoured technical ability and disregarded originality and verve.

Our attempt to review the material has been guided by a different consideration. Pressed by the lack of space we had to choose a few of those posters that seemed striking to us and others for many and complex reasons that we were trying to analyse.

Moreover, we have limited our choice to those under 16, disregarding, we think with good reason, all designers who are actual or potential pupils of Art Schools.

We have tried to show three things: namely, the effect of the war on the British child; the amazing ability of children to catch our eye and mind by their limited but genuine means; and thirdly, the freshness with which they express their inner life. We have been amazed by their common sense, imagination and wit.

It is in no way an exaggeration to affirm that a great many of these posters easily beat the more successful attempts that are stuck by the million to the walls of the world. Why, then, do we not enrol them actively in the service of War Savings Publicity?

The Condition of England

Reviewed by GEORGE A. GREENWOOD, F.R.Econ.S.

Thirty-two years ago, the Right Hon. Charles Masterman, Liberal statesman and close observer of his time, broke new ground with this, an acute analysis of the England that then was. Here it is reviewed by the social commentator who, in 'England To-day', published in 1922, surveyed the country and the nation after the devastating effects of the first World War

MASTERMAN'S classic *The Condition of England* was not so much a book as a mirror. In the printed word, he enabled his fellow countrymen to see themselves as they were—an extraordinary collection of men, women and children living an odd sort of life without apparent pattern or purpose. The cordial reception of the book was a surprise to Masterman, who had not recognised what service he was performing to his country. But mingled with praise were criticisms that its author had sunk into the doldrums, that he exaggerated the lot of the poor and the vices of the *parvenu riche*. Some said he had deserted his Liberalism for Socialism, that he had abandoned his larger hope for England, and forsworn his vision. Most of these criticisms were friendly but ill-founded. Masterman, as he was at pains to point out, set himself the task at the outset of writing objectively, impartially. He did not entirely succeed, but looking upon his book in the light of the tremendous feeling which governed political life in those days, the wonder is that Masterman got as far as he did in submerging his predilections, particularly having regard to his own record. He was the product of Christ's College, Cambridge, where he had a Double First, was President of the Union, and afterwards a Fellow of Christ's. His wife, Lucy, was a daughter of Sir Neville Lyttelton, and a niece of Alfred, one of the great Victorians. But Masterman was a gregarious soul. Having sampled the life of the patrician, he set himself to discover the mind and the lot of those less favoured. He lived in East End settlements. He became a Poor Law Guardian. He read every possible book which pictured at first hand life in the slums, in the home of the artisan, or in the villa of the suburban blackcoat.

What, then, did Masterman reveal to an England that did not know itself? He revealed a unique nation of amazing contradiction. Here, in a country which had led the Industrial Revolution, and gathered riches from the end of the world for its enjoyment, the princes of commerce had merged with its ancient aristocracy. Wealth spelt privilege and social opportunity. Under the increasing burden of rising taxation and diminished returns, the smaller gentry groaned, largely in silence, while the conquerors, as Masterman called them, lived their life of lavish opulence. Vividly he drew his picture of this private ostentation shadowed by public penury. Money flowed for the upkeep of great houses at home, chateaux abroad, fine food, jewels, horses, cars, and grouse moors, while increased calls upon this wealth in the name of social amelioration, aroused murmurs that became roars. Their possessors roared, said Masterman, not through fear that in this new England they would lose part of their heritage, but that in time they would lose it altogether! They assumed it would come by the rising tide of organised labour which, dispossessed and showing signs of insurgence, had actually sent to the Parliament of 1906 forty elected representatives. It was not in Masterman's mind that this ostentation connoted callousness or contempt for the all but submerged section of the population. What it did connote was indifference, or worse, a set determination not to recognise those less fortunately placed save as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Between the two extremes there stood what Masterman saw as the most solid and substantial element in the life of England—its hardworking, suffering and uncomplaining middle class. With

sure touches he described the life of the bank clerk, the shop manager, the accountant, the minor Government official, the teacher, and so on, living at 'Hill View', or No. 10 The Avenue. He saw it as a bulwark—a useful one devoting itself to sport and pastime, applying itself to the public service, officering the churches, living a life more or less full, only just within the family income. He was critical mainly of its tendency to ape the rich and to fear and despise the workers. It feared them because they had discovered and applied the power of union, and it despised them because they had not attained the dignity of 'Hill View'. With acute prevision Masterman suggested that the suburbans, in conjunction with the flower of the artisan class immediately below them, formed the healthiest and most hopeful promise for the future of England. If he were only partially right, it was a judgment of the utmost significance. To-day, more than thirty years later, not only have these classes for all practical purposes merged; they have further increased enormously through the absorption of thousands of families who have come down one step in the social scale, from the position of small landed proprietor, of flourishing business man, and through the rise of many more from the ranks of well-paid labour to the status of official or prosperous shopkeeper.

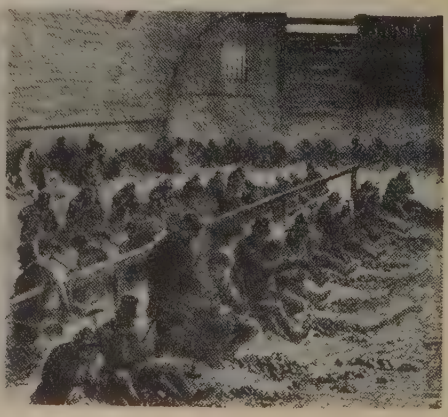
That facet of social life in pre-Great War England Masterman did brilliantly, but his greatest achievement was his revelation of the multitude. With an economy of words he pictured the lives, the minds, and the outlook of that eighty or more per cent, who in varying degrees of insecurity, apathy and discontent, perform the nation's laborious work. We were introduced to existence in the mean street, in the tenement. We were told of the perpetual struggle to make ends meet by the careful parcelling out of the week's wage in rent, food and clothes, and of the chaos which came when, through unemployment or ill-health, that wage shrank or disappeared. We were told, too, of the everyday habits and outlook of these people—family loyalty, class loyalty, diversion in the way of sport and entertainment. Masterman found that collective action for improving conditions came almost entirely from the decently-paid skilled worker, such as the engineer, and, of course, traditionally, the miner; practically not at all from casual, unskilled labour, which stood to gain most from such effort.

He wrote of the land, too, when there seemed no future for rural England. We had become obsessed by our industrial ascendancy. Agricultural labourers, ill paid at as little as 12s. a week, and wretchedly housed, were deserting the countryside for the Dominions, for the overcrowded towns. Year by year more and yet more land became fallow. Penury prevented landlords from preserving their estates, from observing the traditional benevolence to their workers. Farmers passed in and out of the bankruptcy courts. Village life was in decay.

Having, then, examined conditions and tendencies in a country which seemed to have solved every national problem save that of distribution, what was Masterman's summing-up? A nation in motion, 'whither no one knows'. Science might increase our riches, but could it ensure sufficiency for all? In things of the mind and spirit, he could find no evidence of sustained high purpose among the people of England; a dim stretching out, perhaps, for a fuller and completer life, but without cohesion or direction. Religion, he found, was ebbing: certainly in the cities; the country folk followed behind. And the symptoms were common to all classes, although the suburbans were affected least. And yet—crowning paradox—he could discern that, moved by great events, the people of England were capable of exhibiting a keen moral urge. If religion declined, ethics advanced, and so did the work of civilisation.

GREAT WEALTH AND GREAT POVERTY WENT SIDE BY SIDE IN VICTORIAN ENGLAND

These pictures from the 'Illustrated London News' (1888 and 1868 respectively) show the Sunday parade in Hyde Park and the 'Labour Yard' of the Bethnal Green Employment Association, where poor men earned a few coppers by hard labour



When, therefore, he finally asked the question 'Whither?', Masterman had to confess that he did not know.

Nor do we; with England engaged for the second time within three decades in a Herculean struggle. Masterman lived to see the first through, but, tragically, he died in his heyday, years before the second broke. The passing of time makes us all wise, it is true, but I think that in more than one respect he failed to read the writing on the wall. For example the appearance of the lively, well-officered Labour Party at Westminster in 1906 was bound by its impact upon a Radical Government, whose thunder it stole, to provoke a great step forward in social legislation. The Government had, in fact, to legislate or perish—and it legislated! It gave the country better compensation for workers, labour exchanges, old-age pensions, social insurance, and so on. To provide these amenities, which soon began to change the face of working-class life, Mr. Lloyd George so raised the taxation of the rich, especially those enjoying unearned income, that by 1914, in eight short years, we were well on the way to a social levelling vaster than anything that had been achieved in eighty years before. The first Great War which destroyed so much material wealth, produced a tremendous acceleration. The people of England, who in arms, in factory and mine, won that war, saw in it their economic emancipation. The workers and suburbans first held Parliamentary office without power. Later, they held it with power, and completely re-orientated the policies of the other parties. Vast housing schemes, slum clearance, finer schools, better transport facilities began to change the face of England. Now articulate, the middle class secured the ear and respect of Parliament. Life in the countryside has been transferred, for the first World War jerked the nation out of its contempt for the land, when it discovered the overbearing importance of utilising every acre for food.

But of all the changes and chances that have come since Masterman wrote, the greatest of all is the revelation of the finer English character, which stands forth sharpest in time of trial. A nation which can pass through the twenty years which followed 1918, neither seared nor disillusioned, must possess qualities which Masterman, writing so long ago, can well be forgiven if he failed to discern. So if I were asked to-day where England is going, I should repeat his frank answer: 'I do not know,' but I would add the conviction that, come what may, England will not perish.

ART FRONT

VICTORIAN PAINTING

Art evolves as men and machines evolve, mostly with snail-like slowness; at chosen moments with the swiftness of flight. Treatment and subject in painting unconsciously adapt themselves to the particular needs of a particular time: they are subject, like the rest of life, to a process of continual adaptation in which certain types are rejected and others selected, as bearing a more vital relation to our needs. It follows that at a time of rapid evolution, like the present, the process of selection and rejection will proceed with proportionate rapidity. In making such a statement one has to remember that the truest evolutionary prototype is expressed by a mere handful of highly civilised and creative human beings in a given era. When one speaks of evolution in this sense, one does not imply a process of clear advance, but rather one of continual change in which a few types, thrown up at moments of supreme achievement, are the authentic product of a more sensitive and universal kind of consciousness. Undoubtedly, as civilisation pushes forward, fewer and fewer artists are able to shoulder the tremendous implications of this process.

These considerations do something to explain the great diversity of style in contemporary exhibitions.

The show of Victorian and Nineteenth-Century pictures at the Leicester Galleries, though diversified, is markedly less so than a mixed exhibition of to-day, in spite of the fact that these pictures cover a period of a century, whereas the London Group, for example, contains the work of only a year or two. The greater unity of Victorian art is partly the consequence of a certain faith in the visual appearance of things, fed, doubtless, upon the more ordered sense of space and time than we possess. In disturbing this sense science has immensely broadened the field of possibility, and consequently, our more relative values encroach continually upon the old faith in the stability of the material order.

The Victorian artist had a great inherent reverence for the ability to make faithful records of the things he saw, and the idea of an art without accurate representation was something of which he never dreamed.

My own reaction on entering the gallery was one of surprise; it seemed hard to realise that pictures painted in my grandfather's time should belong to a day which seemed so unreachable in its remoteness. When my focus became adapted I was at once struck by the high level of accomplishment in many of the pictures, most noticeably in 'The Cooke Family' by D. H. Parry. Beneath the rather stiff conventions of the design and execution lurks an exquisite sensibility: into the fine integrity of the professional has crept a precious infusion of the amateur's naïvéte. Perhaps its chief delight is the young lady holding a bird-cage. The Family Group, by an unknown artist, is a superb primitive, the exaggerated smallness of the children gives a strange grandeur to the figures of the parents.

Other fine paintings are the 'Two Ladies and a Gentleman on horseback' attributed to H. B. Chalon, and 'Mr. and Mrs. Kidd on horseback', attributed to J. Fernely, Junior.

MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN

1892 is to be the year of the General Election. At home all political interests are dominated by that fact. We are approaching the day of decision, and there is anything but a spirit of exultation on either side. The Liberals are not going into the contest with anything approaching the enthusiasm with which they swept all before them in 1868 and 1880. Recent events in Ireland have somewhat damped their zeal. They will go forth to battle with a foregone assurance of victory, but the 'fizz' is out of them. They have three dangers: (1) Mr. Gladstone's health, and Mr. Gladstone is now in his eighty-third year; (2) the perpetuation of the Parnellite schism in the Home Rule ranks; and (3) the development of a Labour Party which would be colour-blind as to party differences. The Conservatives have three advantages: (1) An administrative record that is much better than any one expected; (2) a united Cabinet; and (3) a programme of legislation that does not involve a second general election before it can get into operation. Notwithstanding these considerations, few prognostics seem to be more safe than the prediction that Mr. Gladstone next Christmas will have a majority at his back—including the Gladstonian Home Rulers—of at least 100.

The Presidential Message addressed to the American Congress on December 9th was, as usual, a long and somewhat rigmarolish document, notable chiefly from the note of interest, and even of jealous interest, in foreign affairs. While rejoicing that the Seal question is to be referred to arbitration, the President shakes his head grimly over 'foreign encroachment' in Venezuela, which is his way of speaking of the frontier difficulty between British Guiana and Venezuela. If the President thinks that we are a 'foreign' power, either in North or South America, he is mistaken. We are an American state—a North American state by virtue of Canada, a Central American state by virtue of Honduras and the West Indies, and a South American state by virtue of British Guiana. The British Empire represents all English-speaking communities under its flag, and is indigenous to the soil of every continent on which such colonies exist. We are therefore less 'foreign' to South America than the United States, but nothing would induce us to regard the United States as 'foreign' to us anywhere. They are bone of our bone, our own kith and kin, and in view of our existing relations, the fortification of the American frontier on the Canadian side is about as silly a waste of money as the fortification of the Tweed and the Solway. The President has also been lecturing the Tsar about his ill-treatment of the Jews—a somewhat dangerous amusement, especially for the Jews.

London, and not London only, was visited by a fog of almost Egyptian darkness for several days before Christmas. It was a horrible visitation, inflicting almost incalculable discomfort upon millions of people. Our fogs are getting worse. There are twice as many foggy days in a year now as there were thirty years ago. If we do not consume our own smoke, we shall in time live from October to April in an atmosphere somewhat worse than that of the Underground Railway. We have three courses before us: (1) to burn anthracite, which kindles slowly and is very unpopular; (2) to substitute gas for coal; or (3) to invent a grate that will really consume its smoke. Of these alternatives, the last is in every way the simplest. But where, oh where, is this ideal grate to be found? At present we seem doomed continually to deepening gloom. Too much praise cannot be given to the brave fellows who worked the fog-signals—often for fifteen and twenty hours on stretch. As for the belated passengers—well, if the Church were up to the times, we should have a special service of prayer and meditation for the use of fog-stopped passengers, who at present shiver and growl by the hour together in a state of mind which is quite the reverse of edifying.

The Publisher in Wartime

The spokesman for the publishers in our series of articles on wartime book production is Philip Unwin, closely connected with the great London publishing house of Allen and Unwin which possesses a long-established reputation for high intellectual standard, wide scope of publications and the spirit of fair dealing with author, bookseller and reader alike

THE life blood of a publishing business was always said to be a flow of saleable manuscripts. To-day it would be nearer the truth to claim a flow of printable paper as the first essential. A German author many years ago wrote that, compared with the relatively easy work of writing and printing books, the most difficult task which mortal man can attempt is to sell a book. That position is now entirely reversed. No longer is book production the smooth flowing process to which good publishing houses were accustomed before the war. It moves all too often in a series of cataracts, dammed at frequent intervals by lack of materials or the temporary failure of some process due to labour shortage which causes complete stoppage at some vital point.

The problem of production—the provision of paper, the actual printing and binding—is the publisher's obsession to-day. It is news. Both Lords and Commons have debated it, so no apology is needed for starting this article with what is normally the purely domestic concern of a publishing office.

Fewer new books are being published, but the average new publication to-day has a higher sale than before the war. Despite the loss of the entire continent of Europe as a market for English books the demand for them elsewhere is greater, and most publishers are handling a higher volume of trade than formerly. Over 20,000,000 books, either bound or in the form of sheets, were destroyed by the bomber during last winter. Several bookbinders and printers had their plants destroyed or seriously damaged. Faced by increased demand for its wares and a greatly reduced productive capacity, the book trade has to invent and contrive as never before.

A publisher's paper ration is calculated at a given percentage (subject to certain conditions it is now 42 per cent) of the tonnage which he used during 1939. Now that was a particularly depressing year in the book world. The post-Munich and pre-war mood was not an encouraging one for writers. No one knew what was going to happen in Europe, and publishers were reluctant to embark on new books unless their sales were reasonably assured. Thus the amount of paper consumed by most firms was substantially less than that of an average year in the 1930's. So in 1942 we are trying to make half a cake go more than twice as far as the whole cake went in 1939. Smaller sizes of type, narrower margins, thinner and cheaper looking paper (at three times its former price) are the order of the day, but we pride ourselves still on being able to turn out far comelier books with poor materials than was usual in the last war. For this we have to thank the enormous advance in the art of typography achieved in the last twenty years.

The calling up of skilled men from the printing industry and the refusal of the remaining boys and older men to work more than a strictly limited amount of overtime accounts for a sharp

reduction in printing facilities. Added to that, the huge increase in the Stationery Office output of 'best-sellers', forms and leaflets of every description, frequently results in the commandeering of private printing plants overnight; thus has many a publisher's hope of speedy delivery for some cherished book been constantly disappointed.

Binders' works have been particularly hard hit by Goering, as unlike book printers, most of the leading binders are in the London area. About 95 per cent of the book printing and bookbinding in this country is carried out by about 70 firms. Of these 70 about 21 have had their premises requisitioned or destroyed, and of the rest all have lost from 30 to 40 per cent of their personnel, because it is not a reserved occupation. Even their highly-trained women employees are now being taken from them. The greatly increased demands upon binders especially have resulted in their becoming a mammoth dam in the stream of book production. Some firms are as much as six months behind in the execution of their orders and can promise no date for the completion of new work at the time it is put in hand. For a recent best seller of which over 30,000 copies were wanted urgently, my firm had to employ two separate printers (500 miles apart), and no less than five different binders, each of them squeezing a few thousand copies of the book into their already tightly-packed schedules of work in hand.

Apart from the appalling delays to new books, this binding situation has resulted in thousands of steadily selling books going 'out of stock' for periods varying from a fortnight to six months—an infuriating position for the bookseller who can give no definite promise to his customer, and no less maddening for the publisher and his staff who may find that two out of every three titles on the average bookseller's order cannot be supplied for one reason or another. This doubles the work for everyone. The bookseller must be given information, where possible, about the missing books. The unexecuted orders must be recorded in the publisher's 'Due Book' and eventually dealt with as separate transactions when at last the books come in from the binders.

I have always believed that whatever the state of the world—peace or war, prosperity or depression—publishers have a vital function to perform. Certainly new books are always needed as well as the continued supply of standard works from the publisher's 'back list'. That view has been abundantly confirmed by events so far. This war has brought its own crop of new subjects and ideas. In the 'phoney' period of the first eight months there were the books of explanation, the stories of 'how it had happened', the optimistic plans for the future when a victorious England and France would re-arrange European affairs once more. A.R.P. and First Aid were a fruitful source of new books; there were readers by the thousand for booklets which showed the Englishman how to convert his home into an air-raid shelter.

Christmas 1940 began a boom in popular illustrated books about the fighting forces, with special emphasis, naturally, upon the R.A.F. Unlike the war of 1914–18, this one, so far, has been for British and Imperial forces largely one of individuals or small groups in skilled combat. It may be the lone 'Spitfire' pilot, the three or four men in charge of a bomber, the small crew of a destroyer, or little groups of fire-fighters and street rescue workers—always there is the opportunity for *individual* action and heroism on an unprecedented scale. Equally there is the chance for brilliant and vivid stories to be obtained from these individuals. Thus we have already a substantial volume of authentic war literature which has, I think, come to light at a much earlier stage than was the case in the last war. The main literature of the Great War did not emerge until nearly ten years after the Armistice. Whatever books may yet come from this war, these 'first person' stories will remain an important contribution to the world's knowledge of this terrible episode in its history.

The huge flow of recruits to the R.A.F. has thrown up a big demand for simple text-books on the varied aspects of its work. Not only manuals about the working of the plane and its engines, but such subjects as navigation, in all its branches, are being studied avidly both by the recruits who seek promotion, and by schoolboys who are waiting to join up. Fortunately for the publisher, these books are also needed in the Dominions where the Empire Air Training Schemes are in operation. Otherwise those books which deal with the purely technical aspect of war conditions, such as roof-spotting or the Home Guard, are for the most part saleable only in Britain. From the army some new authors are emerging. They include one or two poets whose work has already reached the wartime anthologies and from whom complete books will come soon.

Another new market which has developed is amongst the thousands of Czech and Polish troops and airmen now stationed in certain parts

of England and Scotland. The trade began in dictionaries. One publisher, who was so fortunate as to have a good Polish dictionary—as a solid, slow-moving item on his list—suddenly found that it started to sell at an unusual rate. Soon he had sold 20,000 of that dictionary at 10s. 6d. per copy! In the same way, those of us who had issued translations of Czech and Polish authors, or books about those countries, found that stocks which had long been stationary were unexpectedly melting away.

The all-round shortage of books foreseen by many publishers is upon us. Still available without coupons, books have taken the place of rationed commodities in many shops. Stores which had only small book departments have now expanded them and their book purchases leap upward. The population—civil and military—is reading more. People are turning more and more to books as presents. The 'remainder' market is booming and stocks of old books once considered unsaleable are in active demand. But we are eating up stocks which cannot be replaced.

Thousands of books have gone out of print prematurely in the last twelve months. They did not sell fast enough to justify allocating any of the precious paper ration to them, and thousands more will soon share that fate. Thus is the slow seller, the solid scholarly work penalised, in favour of the swift, sure seller of mass appeal.

Publishers have reason to feel some little pride in the way they have overcome their wartime difficulties so far, but any publisher who takes his job seriously must wish that our Government would give a little more recognition to the part which books are playing in the war effort. A small increase in our paper ration from the present 1¼ per cent to only 1¾ per cent of the total consumption of paper in this country; the reservation of a very few hundred employees spread over publishing, printing and binding, would transform the position, and ensure that English books would continue to make their great contribution to the Allied cause.

Socialist Thinking and Acting

To the Finland Station. By Edmund Wilson. Secker & Warburg. 18s.

EDMUND WILSON is the most distinguished and interesting critic of literature and ideas at present writing in America. His special gift is to catch and convey the significance of writers and their work, not only in relation to the background of the social conditions of their time, but as they register and express the movements of thought, the ebb and flow of men's sympathies of mind, the changing values of a society. His first book, *Axel's Castle*, is already famous as the best interpretation there is of the most symptomatic writers of our time: Proust, Yeats, Joyce, Eliot, Virginia Woolf. Mr. Wilson is a very sensitive barometer; a critic both acute and honest—which not every critic is. Anxious to get at the truth of what his writers mean, just and impartial, he is a man you can rely on.

In this book he turns to politics and history, to consider the way men's study of history has affected their action in politics. The sub-title of his book is 'A Study in the Writing and Acting of History'. He considers the history of Socialist thinking from the French Revolution onwards—Babeuf, Robert Owen, Saint Simon, Marx and Engels, Lassalle, Bakunin, Lenin and Trotsky—from this illuminating point of view. The whole book leads up to Lenin's arrival at the Finland Station in Petrograd on the night of April 16, 1917, with all that lay before him that night; six years of power, perhaps more important for the future of humanity than any other six years in history (unless, indeed, Hitler *should* succeed in breaking the Soviet Union. And even then . . .) Mr. Wilson says that that night Lenin 'stood on the eve of the moment when for the first time in the human exploit the key of a philosophy of history was to fit an historical lock'. That gives you the meaning of Mr. Wilson's title.

The book itself is a series of studies showing the two-sided nature of these great men's interest, whether they were pre-eminently writers like Michelet, Marx and Engels, or historical actors like Lassalle, Lenin and Trotsky, in the historical study of society as a basis of action for changing it. Mr. Wilson shows the closer and closer approximation to the real facts and forces at work

made possible by Marxism as an engine of thought, until with Lenin it enables him to understand and grapple with a situation in Russia in 1917 which had got out of everybody's control. No doubt Marxism helped; but I should say his uncompromising reaction and inflexible will were also important, and the situation presented him more important still.

Mr. Wilson is too honest to conceal his conviction of the betrayal of the October Revolution by Stalin's unscrupulous hold on power—the deterioration of its Socialist ideals, until it has gone far to jeopardise the very existence of the country and the Russian people, let alone the hope of a Socialist Europe, confronted with the gravest danger they have ever had to face. Mr. Wilson also thinks that Marxism as a body of thought has passed its apogee and is on the way to its decline. That is probably true; though, paradoxically, most people have not even begun to realise its astonishing achievements. A. L. R.

A DOCTOR REMEMBERS

By E. A. Barton. *Seeley, Service.* 12s. 6d.

Doctors' autobiographies can scarcely fail to be interesting, although they often give too little space to the early beginnings of their careers and too much to the famous names and large fees that come to them with success. Dr. Barton has avoided this pitfall. From the time when as a very small boy he went to a ball at Hampton Court Palace in a sedan-chair, to the day of his retirement, his story is engrossing, whether he is talking of Quacks or Lunatics, of Women, Wills or Wartime Memories. The book is packed with incident, some surprising, some amusing and there is a particularly moving plea for euthanasia. O. J.

AN AMERICAN AT OXFORD

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

It is over thirty years since *The Blue Lagoon* sold the first of its million copies. The same charm remains, and the same innocence—innocence a little ill at ease and self-conscious among the bright young moderns in Mr. Stacpoole's Oxford. He is writing now for his own pleasure, after giving us a book all but annually since 1910; and if his readers are unfamiliar with *The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green*, complete pages of which are read aloud and quoted by the American hero, it is their misfortune. This novel is, indeed, a kind of repository for many of Mr. Stacpoole's personal tastes and admirations, which will endear it to his older, more tolerant readers. The very young will, we suspect, have little truck with it. O. J.

ANGLO-AMERICAN UNION

Joseph Galloway's Plans to Preserve the British Empire 1774–1788. By Julian P. Boyd. University of Pennsylvania Press. *Humphrey Milford.* 12s.

There is nothing new under the sun and the idea of an Anglo-Saxon world union has occurred to many. But Mr. Boyd has found a new exponent in the distant past for this attractive political conception: Joseph Galloway, a Pennsylvanian property holder, member of the Continental Congress in 1744. He emphasised the common heritage of the U.S.A. and the British Empire. Though a Tory, he was a true son of the new world and while failing to appreciate the dynamic qualities of the Declaration of Independence, he put forward plan after plan to avoid or terminate the conflict between the two Anglo-Saxon commonwealths. Mr. Boyd gives first Galloway's history and background, analyses his ideas, and finally in a long appendix provides the text of his proposals. A valuable contribution to the history of Anglo-American relations. P. T.

CERTAIN ASPECTS OF RUSSIAN PROVERBS

By Andrew Guershon. *Muller.* 8s. 6d.

This is a 'thesis approved for the degree of doctor of philosophy in the University of London', but it is far from being dry-as-dust. Here are some we liked best of Dr. Guershon's large collection: 'In a foreign country even a child is foe'; 'A good wife and fat cabbage soup—do not wish for better'; 'Man can repair cities not merely shirts'; 'Call a peasant your brother and he will try to be your father'. This is a rich mine for those who wish to discover what fashion of men these amazing Russians are who have blunted the Blitz. There is plenty of interesting material in the book for philologists, but its appeal is much wider than a narrowly scientific one. P. T.

SATURNALIA IN THE SUBURBS

By John Nicholas. *Heath Cranton.* 3s. 6d.

A hilarious Utopia in verse by a famous advertising man. He has wit and the knack of turning a happy phrase. We liked the commentaries of the Drunken Sailor best. P. T.

CONQUER

By John Masefield. *Heinemann.* 6s.

This is a tale of the rebellion which broke out in Byzantium between the rival factions, the Dinner-Greens and the Sea-Blues, in the sixth century. It is not Mr. Masefield at his most readable. The pace is too measured, the characters rather too precise and bloodless. In descriptions such as 'They were all dwarfs, stunted, pock-marked, blear-eyed, toothless, noseless, slobber-mouthed, like crawling crabs', and in the stirring account of the burning of the city, we recognise the author of *The Daffodil Fields.* Here, in *Conquer,* is quiet dignity and rich pattern; but we sigh for his robuster writings. O. J.

NORWAY REVOLTS AGAINST THE NAZIS

By Jacob Worm-Muller. *Drummond.* 5s.

The execution of two Norwegian trade union leaders has made this book, the third in a series, *Europe under the Nazis,* tragically topical. Mr. Worm-Muller, a former professor of history at Oslo University, describes the invasion and Quisling's obnoxious part in it, deals with the resistance of Norwegians at home, and the part they play in the Allied war effort. In the appendix there are some startling documents about Nazi methods of oppression and an exchange of letters between King Haakon and the Storthing. Numerous original illustrations add to the interest of the book which is a most dramatic summary of the heroic Norwegian resistance to aggression so tenacious and effective. P. T.

I, TOO, HAVE LIVED IN ARCADIA

A record of love and of childhood by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. *Macmillan.* 15s.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has become famous through her imaginative reconstructions of great crimes and her stories of detection. Her latest book is a moving and sensitive tribute to her mother and her father. The background of nineteenth-century France and England is carefully sketched, and there are many attractive and picturesque details of a successful marriage and even more successful parenthood. A beautifully-produced book, it is both for the escapist and for the reader interested in the evolution of mind and soul. Four illustrations. P. T.

ADVENTURE IS MY BUSINESS

By F. W. de Valda. *Herbert Jenkins.* 12s. 6d.

Murder in Sydney, Copra in New Britain, Pearl Poaching off Japanese Banks, University Life in Bonn, Riots in Ecuador, Espionage via Switzerland, Treasure Hunting in Mexico are only some of the headings in this exciting autobiography—the second the author has written. He apologises for this, but there is really no cause for an apology. The book is strong meat, and the gripping record of a life lived dangerously. The illustrations are a bit of an anti-climax. P. T.

The New Yorker

THE HOUSE ON THE SALTINGS

By Victor Bridges. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8s. 3d.

This story has for its setting the marshy coast of Essex during the dark and anxious days preceding the outbreak of war in 1939. Jimmy Grant, after adventures in South America, returns to England without a penny to his name and uses his fists with the unfortunate result that he is wanted by the police. While evading arrest, he tumbles upon an amazing Nazi plot. How he meets his Christine and with the help of his friend Bill Iredale prevents a national disaster, is told in the typical, exciting Bridges manner. P. G.

INDIA

By John Coatman. *Allen & Unwin.* 5s.

A brief survey of a much-debated group of problems, dealing chiefly with the general progress of India between 1908 and 1941. The author maintains that 'there is no reason to despair. In the past three decades immense progress has been made on all sides of Indian life. . . .' P. T.

SECOND WIND

By Carl Zuckmayer. With an introduction by Dorothy Thompson. *Harrap*. 16s. 6d.

One of Germany's most robust and imaginative writers, exiled by the Nazis, and now living in America, recollects the life and the Germany he knew. This is no commonplace autobiography, though Zuckmayer's personal life is colourful enough to furnish plots for a dozen novels. His experiences in the last war—he joined the German army at seventeen—and afterwards in the hectic, hot-house atmosphere of Berlin, his failures and then brilliant success as a playwright, his idyllic life among the peasants of the mountain village near Salzburg, where he lived the fullest and happiest years of his life, are the material with which he builds a most valuable as well as entertaining contribution to the history of the past thirty years.

J. H.

THE MARCH OF THE BARBARIANS

By Harold Lamb. *Hale*. 15s.

Harold Lamb has written vivid and authoritative books on Genghis Khan, Tamerlane and Omar Khayyám which were translated into many languages. His latest book deals with the Mongol Khans, the sons and grandsons of Genghis and the conquests of the *Golden Horde*. The immense territory over which they roamed is to-day the main battlefield of the world and there are many amazing parallels between the thirteenth and twentieth century. This is popular history at its best without dry theorizing yet with careful documentation. P. T.

YESTERDAY NEVER DIES

By Esther Barstow Hammand. *Cassell*. 9s. 6d.

A long novel with an early seventeenth-century background. The Great Plague and Fire, Boston and Salem are the main events and settings. Historical detail is carefully built up but it takes a very long time for anything to happen in the book and the dramatic climax is somehow flat. It is strange to read an account of the Salem witch trials which sounds as if the author *did* believe in the truth of those absurd accusations by and against a few hundred hysterical men and women whom excessive Puritanism had driven back to medieval superstitions. P. T.

THEY WENT ON TOGETHER

By Robert Nathan. *Heinemann*. 6s.

A sensitive, moving little book by an American master of the long short story about the time when the Blitz came to America and people fled, as in France, in a blind panic. Mom, Paul, Sylvie and Marie Rose are alive and attractive people and the horror is subtly suggested. P. T.

I WISH I COULD DRAW

By Percy V. Bradshaw. *Studio*. 8s. 6d.

The eminent Principal of the Press Art School offers a course for scribblers and serious draughtsmen alike. The text is delightfully simple and easy to understand and the many illustrations are beautifully reproduced. The inveterate 'doodler' and the budding art student may find this finely-produced volume most helpful, even if they might feel a little bit discouraged by the examples of black and white masters in the last chapter. P. T.

'Fine camper you turned out to be! Sixteen books and no coffee-pot!'

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

BRITISH LIFE AND THOUGHT

An illustrated survey. Published for the British Council by *Longmans Green*. 8s. 6d.

With a preface by the Earl of Derby, a wealth of excellent illustrations, maps and diagrams, this attractive volume is certainly a striking panorama of Britain. The individual parts deal with the British Commonwealth, the British system of government, justice, education, social services, 'the face of Britain', sport and games, ships and seamen, aviation and the last two with 'the Englishwoman' and 'the Englishman'. Some might find the choice of Earl Baldwin as author of this last part somewhat surprising, but this time the ex-Premier's lips were not sealed, and he has produced a very readable exposition of English character with emphasis on 'compromise and toleration', 'considerateness', 'co-operation' and 'friendliness'. Altogether a book to be safely given to a foreigner bewildered by the varying appreciation of Britain by Britons, for it presents our most enduring values with a sober and therefore sympathetic method of lucid understatement. P. T.

REPLANNING BRITAIN

Edited by F. E. Towndrow. Faber & Faber.
7s. 6d.

In the Spring of 1941 the Town and Country Planning Association held a conference at Oxford in which some 200 distinguished experts, economists, geographers, local representatives and other interested men and women took part. This is a summary of their recommendations with a clever, brief outline of the supporting arguments. The conference itself was confined to a discussion and amplification of the Agreed Nine Points of the Report made previously by the Royal Commission on the Distribution of the Industrial Population. Its subjects for discussion covered the location of industry, bound as it is in many cases to local and regional raw materials, conditions and customs; the planning for agriculture; the scope of possible and desirable decentralisation; the problems of land ownership —as it is, and as it should be—and the machinery of planning. Taking for granted fundamental principles like those of A. R. Wallace and Henry George, such complementary necessities as a transport tariff exclusively based on service and not on mileage fees, or necessary alteration of the rating system for decentralised cities and suburbs, this summary, wary and fragmentary as it appears in comparison with the whole great task, is a valuable reference book for all who feel like tackling one of the most important post-war tasks.

E. S. R.

A HISTORY OF BRITISH POSTAGE STAMPS

By T. Todd. *Duckworth.* 10s. 6d.

The first complete history of the postage stamps of Great Britain makes fascinating reading and the forty illustrations should delight ardent philatelists. The language is not too technical and we learn many odd facts in an entertaining way. Letters from Hammersmith, it seems, were left at Kensington in 1765 for an old woman to distribute: 'sometimes she is washing, sometimes asleep, and after two hours' delay she deputes a Poorhouse boy who can read no more than herself. Instead of arriving twice a day, letters come once; instead of at noon not till ten at night, dirty and torn'. What a change compared with the efficient G.P.O. to-day! Now that in many countries, afraid of inflation, stamps have become favourite investments and form an important part of British export trade to America, this comprehensive book is a welcome addition to the literature of philately.

P. T.

Minerva Books

THE MEN FROM JAVA

By Jean Malaquais. These men are not Javanese; they live in the South of France—but not the leisured pre-war South of France. Their home is a mining camp in the small Mediterranean town of Vaugelas. Their quarrels, their amours, their nostalgia provide M. Jean Malaquais with a wealth of material for his racy, intensely modern first novel, which won the Prix Renaudot last year. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

POLISH PAINTING

By Henry Gotlib. Preface by R. H. Wilenski. With 200 illustrations. The author of this detailed history of Polish painting is an artist of note and an outstanding personality in the contemporary art world of Poland. He traces the development of his country's art from the Middle Ages to the present day, assessing its value and studying the influence which in the course of ten centuries have moulded it to unfamiliar forms of beauty and technical skill. Quarto 21s. net.

WANTED! A NEW VISION?

By Axel Heyst. This book is doubly remarkable; it contains an astonishingly accurate forecast of the progress of the war based on the course of military operations at the time of writing, and it is equally far-sighted and correct in its grave conclusions.

After Hitler by the same author has already earned the respect of English readers. 6s. net.

POLISH INVASION

By Ksawery Pruszynski. *Polish Invasion* is not, of course, the invasion of Poland. This is an account of the peaceful arrival of an Army, but an Army bent on fighting. *Polish Invasion* tells the story of an undaunted nation, of her sons in chosen exile, of soldiers who refused to abandon discipline, to lay down arms of honour, to admit defeat. The Poles are our comrades-in-arms, first allies in the common cause—our guests in Scotland. 3s. 6d. net.

· *Minerva Publishing Company* ·

REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE.

A. L. R.	=	A. L. Rowse
O. J.	=	Olive Jones
P. T.	=	Paul Tabori
P. G.	=	Pauline Gordon
J. H.	=	June Head
E. S. R.	=	Edgar Stern Rubarth
A. M. L.	=	A. M. Lacey

DOVER FRONT

By Reginald Foster. *Secker & Warburg.* 6s.

The front line in the Battle of Britain, covered by a journalist who is also a very good writer. Vivid descriptions of Dover and its people during one year of concentrated Blitz. Heartening and cheerful, it has its moments of tragedy. Perhaps the chapter 'on the men who came home' is the most moving. A Searchlight Reporter Book, *Dover Front* has eight fine illustrations. P. T.

THE TRANSPOSED HEADS

By Thomas Mann. *Secker & Warburg.* 6s.

American translators ought to protest in a body against the strangely worded 'blurb' of Thomas Mann's new book, which begins with the words: 'The appearance of this new work by Thomas Mann has been handicapped by certain obvious disadvantages. The translation was made in the U.S.A. . . .' The translator, however, cannot be responsible for the dreariness and Talmudistic hairsplitting of *The Transposed Heads*, a sad disappointment for Mann's admirers. This gory and senseless story reads like a parody of some lost original. Perhaps it would have been better for Herr Mann to stay in Switzerland instead of seeking the safety of the U.S.A. P. T.

NORWAY AND THE WAR

Issued by the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Published by *Humphrey Milford* for Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

This book, a collection of documents concerning Norway's part in the War, is intended primarily for students of international affairs and forms a valuable contribution to current Norwegian history.

The editor, Monica Curtis, in her introduction, attributes the German success not to widespread treachery but to surprise and confusion; unfortunately she does not substantiate this statement with documentary evidence.

There is little concerning the British part in the campaign with which the general reader is not already familiar, but by collating the available data the book transforms a series of impressions into a coherent picture. A. M. L.

RULE, BRITANNIA

By Cecil King. *Studio.* 12s. 6d.

A most articulate and finely produced volume on the 'Silent Service' with chapters on submarines and mines, the Fleet Air Arm, convoys, blockade, Norway, France and Greece, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt and the Channel—the far-flung corners of the earth where the British Navy has fought and is fighting in this war. Fifty-six plates and many line drawings make it a magnificently illustrated work, worthy of 'The Studio' tradition, even if such a book is an unusual departure from the programme of this excellent publisher. P. T.

I, SPY

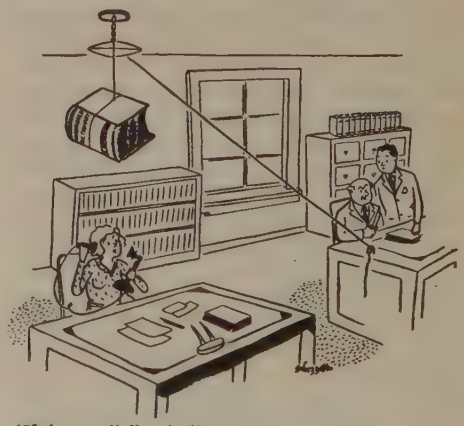
By Simon Stone. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

A swift-moving thriller with a rather new kind of hero: a stolid English businessman. The action soon shifts from Germany to Britain; a Britain bristling with danger, not for German agents but for the British agent who has reached his own country. The smooth villain is a sort of super Lord Nuffield. The story would be more convincing if practically all the German words and expressions were not misspelled. P. T.

THE HERITAGE OF HATCHER IDE

By Booth Tarkington. *Heinemann.* 8s.

This new novel by the author of *Rumbin Galleries* has a rather old-fashioned plot: calf-love and a *femme fatale* with a precarious happy ending. The war is a distant rumble, and the main problem of young Hatcher Ide seems to be how to rent some tumble-down property. But the characters are well-drawn and sentimentality is tempered with a quiet humour. P. T.



'If she says "all righty" once more, I'll let her have it.'

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

POEMS OF A DECADE

By A. L. Rowse. *Faber.* 6s.

The learned explorer of Tudor Cornwall, the publicist interested in the problems of the younger generations, presents a ten years' harvest of poetry. He shows an immense variety of form, from the severely classical to the inner rhythm of free verse. We liked best 'Poem on Marriage', 'To-day my words shall be of love', 'Days of waiting', and 'Vox Clamantis in Deserto'—but almost every poem is arresting in its individual quality, economy of words and originality of ideas. P. T.

FEAR COMES TO EUSTON ROAD

By Robert Holmes. *Hale.* 7s. 6d.

A well-written, smoothly moving thriller with life-like figures and a good twist at the end. The background of a second-hand motor business is deftly painted. P. T.

OUT OF THE PEOPLE

By J. B. Priestley. *Heinemann & Collins.* 2s. 6d.

Can we develop a true democracy? Develop it in spite of the decay of religious liberty, the strengthening of authority through the improvement of weapons, and the concentration of industrial power in fewer and fewer hands? Priestley rejects Socialism, defends the survival of free associations, wants a society with a Christian basis. He is gloomy about the recent past, hopeful that the war has aroused the people's political interests. Since he believes we must change the atmosphere and values of society before formulating a concrete programme, he writes mostly in generalisations. But he is important because he is non-doctrinaire and unacademic in the English way. J. H.

JAPAN UNMASKED

By Hallett Abend. *The Bodley Head.* 12s. 6d.

A quietly sensational book by the famous *New York Times* correspondent who was terrorised by the Japanese into leaving Shanghai after fifteen years. He also visited most of the important strategic bases of the Far East and has produced the most authoritative report on Japan's designs. Though the book was published before Russia's entry into the war and gloomily prophesies that she will be 'the only nation to profit' by it, the outlook for the Japanese if they attack Singapore is not at all rosy, according to Mr. Abend. She would find 'herself surrounded by enemies, all, with one exception, vigorous'. A book which deserves a wide audience and which, with its sober realism, ought to comfort the believers in an Allied victory. P. T.

THEY FIGHT FOR POLAND

Edited by F. B. Czarnomski. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

The epic of Polish soldiers, sailors and airmen is told in fifteen graphic chapters by themselves. From 'the doomed division' to beleagured Warsaw, from the broken Maginot Line to the Odyssey of the submarine *Orzel;* the whole story of Polish heroism and dogged courage is presented in first person singular. There are numerous illustrations, and the whole volume seems to be a pledge for the resurrection of Poland, which the gallantry of her sons so richly deserves. P. T.

LITTLE LADYSHIP

By Ian Hay. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8s. 6d.

A delightful 'light' novel based on the play of the same name. It has tempo, freshness and wit—all the Ian Hay qualities. We wonder, however, why the fact that *Little Ladyship* was a most successful Continental play before Ian Hay adapted it to the English stage remains unmentioned. The author speaks of the novel as being 'founded upon a play of mine' and no credit is given to the two original authors whose idea both play and novel elaborate. P. T.

THEY'LL NEVER QUIT

By Harvey Klemmer. *Davies.* 7s. 6d.

The Censor has cut Mr. Klemmer's book to a considerable extent. A stupid thing to do, for no American books are banned from entry into Britain, and anyone curious enough could check what information was considered to be too dangerous for the British public, but not so dangerous to our enemies, who, after all, could easily get hold of an American copy. The former attaché of the American Embassy in London pays a glowing tribute to British courage and endurance in a vigorous style unusual in a diplomat. The illustrations are of startling realism and very well chosen. P. T.

LOOK! THE SUN

An Anthology of Poems edited by Edith Sitwell. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

'This book is intended primarily for children, but readers of all ages will also, I hope, derive happiness from it,' Miss Sitwell says in her Introduction, and her prophecy is fulfilled by this delightfully original anthology. We especially liked the idea that the poems are printed without the authors' names, which appear at the end of the volume, thereby creating the opportunity for a tantalising memory-test. Nursery rhymes and folk songs take up a large portion of the text, and the headings by the editor are apt and witty. P. T.

'Have you read any good books lately?'
SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

BROUGHT OUT IN EVIDENCE

By William Bowyer. *Faber.* 15s.

A delightful and unusual autobiography of a man who has been able to sublimate his physical experiences into spiritual lessons. Not writing a continuous story, the author possesses the art of entertaining digression. Art and stage, literature and religion are only parts of his intensely human canvas. Well worth reading. P. T.

LECTURES ON CONDITIONED REFLEXES

Volume Two. *Conditioned Reflexes and Psychiatry.* By I. P. Pavlov. Translated by W. H. Gantt, M.D. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Aldous Huxley has made Professor Pavlov's experiments familiar to many a reader who was little interested in almost metaphysical psychology. Here, in excellent English, is the second part of the great Russian scientist's résumé of his life work, illustrated by seven very pleasant photographs. Though scholarly it is intelligible to the layman and should cause quite a flutter in British medical circles. P. T.

TRAVELS WITHOUT A PASSPORT

By Henry Baerlein. *Muller.* 8s. 6d.

These stories and sketches are of both real and imaginary travels in Mexico, Albania, Spain, Tunis, Poland, Hungary, Slovakia, Bessarabia, Scandinavia, Ruthenia, India and Ceylon—a wide enough field. Some are factual, some pure fantasy, yet they all have a certain nostalgic charm. But we could have done without the Maharajah of Travancore, his brother the Elayarajah, his brother-in-law and the author 'before playing tennis'. We would have believed Mr. Baerlein that he knew these important gentlemen without the evidence of the photograph. P. T.

WYCHWOOD CHRONICLES

By J. L. R. Croft and R. A. Axford. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

What gives this well-written and gay novel its nostalgic flavour is the fact that the authors are British officers in a German 'Oflag'. It is an intriguing speculation what sort of 'Christmas Carol' Dickens would have written in similar circumstances. The authors have used the letter form—the best solution for fiction written in partnership—to good effect and it is a pity that the Nazis have so little feeling for literature that they have separated the collaborators almost as soon as they have finished their work. P. T.

GENETICS AND THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

By Theodosius Dobzhansky. Columbia University Press. *Humphrey Milford.* 28s.

The learned professor of zoology in the Columbia University has produced a work which must be of enthralling interest to both the expert and the intelligent layman. Genetics were apt to become 'stale', to be driven into the laboratory, but Professor Dobzhansky's book signalises a Back-to-Nature movement in this very important field of biological research. The chapter 'Mutation as a basis for racial and specific differences' is especially interesting and the secrets of the fascinating chromosomes are explained with great lucidity. There are twenty-four well-chosen illustrations and a long chapter on the literature of the subject. Professor Dobzhansky was also able to make available to the Anglo-Saxon scientific world the results of recent Russian research which gives his great book considerable added value. P. T.

MODERN READING

Edited by Reginald Moore. *Staples.* 1s.

This is the third volume of a new series, a welcome market for the 'non-commercial short story' and a varied fare for fanciers of modern fiction. H. E. Bates, Rhys Davies, Neil Bell, James Hanley and William Saroyan are the 'stars', but there is good work from lesser-known authors. P.T.

RICHARD II

By Anthony Steel. *Cambridge University Press.* 16s.

According to Mr. Steel, Richard II's reign marks an epoch in English history, and his book proves his contention with great erudition and a style which makes it 'easy reading' even for the non-historian. The Peasants' Revolt, the emergence of Wyclif and the flowering of an early English Renaissance are treated with understanding and insight. P. T.

WITHOUT MALICE

JEERS—to

the *Sunday Times* for keeping its readers in doubt whether Lord Vansittart has leased its leader page for the duration;

the Duke of Bedford for talking through his ducal coronet; why not drop him by parachute in the 'General Government' so that he should see for himself how sweetly reasonable Hitler and his pals are?

the Ministry of Health whose Bateman posters insist that none of us has ever seen a handkerchief;

some West End cinemas for systematically lying about the availability of cheaper seats in order to force people to buy the more expensive ones; particularly hard on the Forces;

the blockheads in Teheran who lost all contact with M. Litvinoff.

CHEERS—to

the P.E.N. Club for its quiet and unostentatious work on behalf of destitute refugee authors and the freedom of the written word;

J. B. Priestley for creating a new form of radio entertainment with his 'note book';

the unknown critic who wrote on the wall of a cinema outside which people were queueing: 'Never in the history of human entertainment have so many waited so long for so little.'

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

New York City has more than a hundred private streets, or thoroughfares owned by individuals or corporations, that must be closed to the public from sunset to sunrise one day each year in order that they may maintain their private legal status.

Russians pronounce Hitler, Himmler and Hess, Gitler, Gimmler and Gess.

Washington tourist agents are running five-dollar trips to see damaged British warships in American repair yards.

Firemen in London resent that some of the big new emergency water tanks carry Morrison's slogan on their parapets: 'Fall in, firefighters!'

B. B. C.

Please, stop

—broadcasting American variety programmes which are even worse than 'Happidrome' and 'Music Hall'.

—insisting on British army officers giving German talks in a weird German which no one except themselves can understand.

—persisting in the fallacy that news for Europe is more important than propaganda.

—allowing comedians to use exclusively jokes of the most ancient vintage.

YOU HAVE A MONOPOLY—BUT PEOPLE CAN ALWAYS SWITCH OFF

WORDS IN THE WIND

If you would be known to do a thing—never do it.—Emerson.

In accordance with Il Duce's wishes, the Italians paid no attention to his fifty-eighth birthday. He doesn't want people to get the idea that he is an over-age destroyer.—Howard Brubaker.

A Free Press is the most watchful sentry of the State, a 'yes' Press is fatal to good government.—Brendan Bracken.

Cross-Section

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

PASSO ROMANO

At Last!

ITALIAN bluejackets from the gunboat *Lepanto* boarded and seized the Yugo-Slav vessel *Tomislav*, which was operating under British charter, and carrying wheat cargoes from Australia. Disaffection among Croat members of the crew led the captain to put in to Shanghai on his return trip. The ship was seized in face of protests from the River Police, and the Customs authorities are reported to have made strong representations against this infraction of neutrality. Locally the incident was described as the first Italian naval victory in the war!

Oriental Affairs, Shanghai

Mussolini in an Oxygen Tent

FASCISM is finished as a dynamic political force among the Italian people. It may seem slightly premature to describe it as a corpse. Maybe old man Furioso Fascismo still has a flutter in his pulse and maybe he will even manage to drag his bones around for a while longer. Nevertheless, it is apparent that Furioso has gone into one tantrum too many. Both his nerves and his body are shattered and he will never again be the same.

To be quite accurate, Fascism has been in a coma for at least a year now. Inside Adolf Hitler's oxygen tent Mussolini's favourite offspring is still fighting desperately to convince itself, as well as spectators, that it can survive. Nazi oxygen is the only thing that keeps the breath of life in Italian Fascism—and the average Italian would almost as soon die as owe his existence to Hitler and Nazi Germany. Of course, this isn't true of Benito Mussolini. But one always has to make allowances for dictators, just as dictators always make plenty of allowances for themselves.

For Mussolini and for Fascism conditions have changed enormously since October 1940. Most Fascists have lost their faith or whatever hope they had. Mussolini has lost two wars and all of his face except his chin.

Current Affairs

Italy—a German Province

ALTHOUGH beaten and ready for separate peace, Italy now is overrun by the Germans, and the chances of revolution seem small. The possibility remains, however, for two reasons. First, the plight of the Italians as a subject people will become rapidly worse with each week of blustering German rule. Secondly, the Italians are likely in the near future to revise their opinion of the British as a decadent nation, and of the Americans as a people half cowardly, half naïve, who will prove incapable of swift and decisive help.

The Germans have shown themselves remarkably tactful in the first phase of the conquest of Italy, but they are preparing already a second and more brutal phase. The Gestapo is in charge of the Italian police, but the wholesale arrests that always go with police rule have not yet been started.

Only in a few instances have the Germans overruled Italian objections and spirited away important, or heretofore important, Italians. I have an Italian friend of good family and influential connections who worked for years with the Ovra, or secret Italian police. Recently the Germans arrested him without even consulting the Italians, held him for three weeks in a Rome hotel while the Ovra tried to discover his whereabouts. This is exceptional.

The future is now foreshadowed by the careful preparation of lists of 'untrustworthy' Italians. I have learned of these lists from Italians in every ministry in Rome. I heard of them first from high ranking officers in the Ministries of War and Marine.

The German Officers who entered the ministries as liaison officers and then gradually took complete control are going into the archives and files to find the names of Italians who are conceivably more patriotic than friendly to Germany.

These lists include Italian officers who prepared, under orders, plans for Italy's defence in the event of German invasion, railway executives who complained against the seizure of Italian rolling

stock by Germans, communications experts who warned of unfair German tactics, under secretaries of the Ministry of Corporations who discovered German plans that prejudiced Italian industry—every one, in short, who has not had in recent years the spirit of a Quisling.

In addition, long lists are being prepared of families in Italy who have been unfriendly to the Nazis or who have snubbed the German Embassy. Further names are garnered from waiters in cafés, servants in private homes, telephonists, barbers, and the like.

The best coiffeur in Rome, who dressed the hair of the ladies of the Roman nobility, the Fascist ministers and the diplomatic corp, recently left Rome's most chic hotel to resume his place as a Colonel in the German army. He must have quite a number of names to add to Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler's list of Italians who ought to be taken off to concentration camps until Hitler's victory is world-wide.

While they prepare the list and bide their time the Germans have introduced a remarkably clever and un-Italian police rule. Any relative or friend who intervenes with the authorities on behalf of an Italian arrested by the Gestapo or Ovra automatically becomes an accomplice by that act.

Thus, even the father of a man whose only sin is Italian patriotism and dislike of German rule, risks automatic arrest if he attempts to hire a lawyer or appeal to the authorities on behalf of his son. When the wholesale arrests begin the Italians will not like either the Germans or their methods.

These arrests will begin in a moment, when, if America intervenes, the Italians will slowly realise that ultimate German victory is problematical at best. The Italian public had honestly been persuaded that the British were a decadent nation represented by men like the late Neville Chamberlain, and they still believe that America is money-mad, blind to German intentions and divided internally.

The attitude of the Italians in the face of British 'decadence' has been tempered somewhat by the reports of pilots who have fought with 'Hurricanes', naval officers who have matched gunnery with the British Mediterranean fleet—once a name at which Italians scoffed—and finally by the simple peasant who has heard about the arrival of British parachute jumpers.

People beyond the frontiers of Italy can scarcely imagine the effect on Italian nerves of reports that the British were dropping down from the skies. British attempts to wreck the aqueduct that supplies two Southern provinces with water was so badly botched that the supply ran again after two and a-half days, but the effect from the point of view of propaganda far exceeded that brief interruption.

The attitude, moreover, of captured British parachutists is known to Italians and impressed them. The volunteers are all bull-necked Englishmen far from decadent. In one prison camp they have already dug their way out twice only to be recaptured in each instance by sheer inadvertence. When asked what they would have done had they gotten away from the camp safely, these men answered with a contempt that the Italian himself admires, 'We would have stolen a warship from the Royal Italian Navy,' they said.

Most amusing of all, these British parachute jumpers speak both Italian and German. One group I know of made the villagers carry their dynamite to the bridge that they successfully destroyed. Their contempt for the Italian and their attitude of cuffing him into obedience is perfectly understood in the peninsula. The Italians have revised their attitude of Anglo-Saxons. Such men win respect even of Fascists.

Toward America the whole of Italy still feels contempt. But once the Italians believe that Germany can be defeated the country will be ready, in my opinion, for revolution.

Chicago Daily News

Warning

If Italy is your enemy, send one or two divisions to keep her in check; if she is neutral, employ three divisions to watch over her; but if she is your ally, you must detail ten divisions to save her!

NAPOLEON

'Vorwärts, Christian Soldiers!' ARTHUR SZYK

MILD AND BITTER

The Sassenach Deserves It

An old Highland tailor got into a train travelling to Inverness. Rather unsteadily he sat down opposite a Salvation Army officer. For some time he gazed at the officer's uniform with profound concentration. At last he became articulate.

'What's yer regiment, man? I cannot mak' it oot.'

To which the Salvation Army officer replied: 'I'm a soldier of the Lord. I go to Inverness to fight the devil; thence to Aberdeen to fight him again, and then down to Dundee, Edinburgh and Newcastle.'

The tailor struggled to his feet and gave the officer a hefty slap on the back. 'That's right, ma man,' he said, 'keep on heading the blighter south.'

Tailor and Cutter

'Herr Schwimmel would like these papers signed, Sir—they're next month's communiqués'—THE NEW YORKER

Convincing Evidence

A friend of ours, an exporter just back from Singapore, tells us that it took an American news report, heard by short wave, to make him realise that the war was threatening normal life in Singapore.

After hearing the broadcast, he says, he discussed with his wife the advisability of sending the family back to safety in America. They decided that the American report was probably 'just whipped-up journalistic excitement'. Next morning, looking out of the window, he saw some soldiers cutting down the hedge of his compound, chopping his best tree and digging up his flower garden. When he rushed out, he was politely but firmly told that the site had been commandeered for a gun-emplacement. The exporter, a business-like fellow, went back into the house and spoke to his wife. 'Referring to our conversation of last night,' he said, 'start packing.'

Acrobat, Oh!

I see that the President of the International Association of Acrobats advocates shooting trained athletes from cannons over the enemy lines as an antidote to the Panzers. Skilled lion-tamers, he thinks, would terrify the enemy when charging at the head of their snarling pupils. Perhaps it is a trifle needless for me to add that this epic suggestion comes from New York. The idea is, however, pleasant to toy with. I remember the wonderful female yogi who caused such a sensation at Bertram Mills's Circus a few years ago. This lady was apparently impervious to scimitars with sharp edges and large blocks of concrete, and regarded being buried alive as all in an evening's work. A troupe of similar yogis might play havoc among the German flame-throwers, whilst professional fat men, suitably arrayed and dropped into Germany, would effectively convince the German public that a prominent member of their leadership was no longer in retirement. Human skeletons, however, would merely be mistaken for liberated Poles or Czechs.

Horse and Hound

The Name Fits

In Mulhouse the famous Rue du Sauvage was renamed Adolf Hitler Strasse. This caused such an unholy joy among the inhabitants that the Nazis hurriedly reverted to the original name.

La France Libre

'Your knowledge of disguises makes you our most valuable agent, Fenley!'—THE NEW YORKER

The Blessings of Censorship COLLIER'S WEEKLY

The Worm Turns

OUR hero this week is a fellow who wears neither toga, uniform nor badge of authority. He has never rallied a people to a holy cause nor faced an enemy on a battlefield. He was rejected by the Army doctors in 1917 and he's a trifle too old to fight now. Several months ago, at the sober age of forty-five, he got married. As far as we know he had but one strong prejudice—an abiding distaste for buffet suppers. He told our informant—Mr. Edwin T. Monigore, of Santa Clara, California—that he'd gone to one buffet supper when a young man and vowed then that he'd never go to another. But perhaps you know how it is. His wife, a charming and exceedingly social woman, had a great many girl friends who apparently made almost a fetish of buffet suppers. When our hero and his bride returned from their honeymoon the first of her vigorous friends gave a buffet supper in their honour. He went along, protesting mildly, however, and warning his wife that buffet suppers brought out the worst in him. But she said, 'What nonsense, Alfred,' or something like that, and warned him that she was going to cure him of all those old bachelor prejudices. Nevertheless, it was only with great difficulty that she dragged him to the second buffet supper, a week after the first. When, a week later, the third buffet supper was announced he refused to budge until his wife turned on a freshet of tears. 'Okay, darling,' said he, with an ominous quiet that failed to warn her, 'I'll go. I'll go, darling, but I have a strange feeling.' So they went. The hostess was a skirted dynamo, a Helen Hokinson lady. No guest of hers had a chance. She smothered our hero with hospitable greetings and escorted him personally to her table where no fewer than sixteen different components of a super buffet supper were arrayed. She insisted upon serving him herself, he holding his plate and she leading him along, dishing out large portions of everything to our grimly unprotesting hero. When she had given him a load of everything on the table he bowed low, thanked her darkly. Then he strode to the nearest window and threw the whole mess out, plate and all. That done, he wordlessly grabbed his hat and went home. Mr. Monigore reports that our hero's wife's friends have called off their buffet suppers.

Collier's Weekly

Russian Proverbs

You may escape a snake, but not a calumny.

The gambler is a pal of the thief.

Even crooked wood burns straight.

Do not spit into the well, you may have to drink out of it.

Hair by hair, you may pluck out the whole beard.

You may get used even to hell.

A drunkard will awake; a fool never.

Make friendship with the wolf, but keep the axe ready.

We are relatives; we have dried our rags in the same sun.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Beggars' Colony

SOME philanthropists in Karachi seem quick in framing schemes and not less quick in announcing them. A beggars' colony is the latest plan. A sum of Rs.25,000, says a news agency, has been promised. This is to be eked out by what a lady proposes to bequeath to the colony on certain conditions. Small huts for the use of the beggars; instruction on paper-making, basket-making, spinning and weaving and the teaching of the three R's are part of the programme. They are only part of it, however. In its last sentence the message promises radio sets 'for the entertainment of the colonists'. A market for its products will not find itself, and without a market the colony is likely to be short-lived.

The Statesman, Calcutta

International Police Force

SOMETHING in the nature of an overriding International Police Force, under international control, will be indispensable when this war is over. It may be modelled on the present constitution of the Royal Air Force, with its Polish, Czechoslovak, Free French and other national formations within a comprehensive framework. We shall also need international organisation and control of many aspects of economics and finance, industry and communications, and access to raw materials. In some directions restrictive or repressive measures may be required. Privileges may have to be withheld from the unworthy until they prove themselves worthy. Yet my vision of the future is coloured by belief that the world cannot be lastingly improved by restraints alone, and that the ideal Peace Force must be so constituted that all peoples will be eager to join it for the honour and glory of human service. I have said that the American Lease-Lend Act is a revolutionary stroke of political genius. Free from belittling conditions it put the wealth and the material resources of the United States at the service of nations fighting for freedom. It made helpfulness in support of noble endeavour a new international law. Only through the extension of the spirit of this law to Europe and to the world can I see an opening into a better future, a future in which even the Germans may share when they have cast out the demon of militarism and have learned that the will and the power to do right are the only abiding sources of might. Without some such ideal as this to throw light upon our path the future may be troublous and dark. Beset by difficulty and hardship it must be. Yet there will be hope for mankind, beyond what might otherwise seem the Slough of Despond into which we shall enter when guns are silent and bombs rain no more from the skies, if, under inspired leadership such as the British Commonwealth, the United States and our Allies can provide, the nations are brought to see the refulgence of vital peace.

WICKHAM STEED in the *Contemporary Review*

Drama in the New Age

THE play of the future will have no hero and no villain: it will show a human being as he is, bad or good, and will try to answer the question: 'What made him that way?' says Roy Hargrave, who portrays the central character in the revival of *Blind Alley* at the Windsor Theatre. This rôle, that of a paranoiac gunman, is the one in which he created a sensation when the play was introduced to Broadway five seasons ago.

'Although I play a gangster, I wouldn't call this a gangster play,' he continued. 'It is a study of the psychological causes that make an anti-social individual. Those causes usually reach back into childhood—injuries and shocks that the child tries to cover over and forget. His ideas become distorted. In the case of this Hal Wilson in our story the distortion has gone so far that he can never be cured, so society must get rid of him.

'But prevention is what society should aim at. If Hal Wilson could have been taken out of the early conditions that warped him he could have been saved. The audience begins by hating him, but in the end it pities him. "There but for the grace of God go I" is the way I hope people feel.

'The anti-social individual doesn't necessarily become a gangster. He may turn out to be anything—a playboy who murders someone, or even a dictator. Hal Wilson or Hitler, there's not much difference. The things the gunman does to a few people in *Blind Alley* are what Hitler does to millions. In both cases the distortion has become so monstrous that society is not safe till the person is eliminated.'

New York Herald-Tribune

India's Radio War

According to information received here, the Central Government have decided to have a giant short-wave transmitter of 100 kilowatts power capable of broadcasting to the whole world.

It will be as powerful as the B.B.C. Empire transmitter at Daventry, will be situated in Delhi, and will have an array of aerials directed towards various countries.

It will probably broadcast at all hours of the day and night and will use Indian, Asiatic and European languages for its talks.

It is known that the Nazis listen in to Delhi broadcasts very carefully, pick up the Indian news directly and then give it out as if they had received the news through some secret transmitter—a legend which has grown in many quarters and ought to have been exploded long ago.

Calcutta Statesman

Philosophy Corner

Naturally, all of us 'want to do something important', but few of us realise that we are probably doing it in our everyday jobs. We have fallen into the habit of thinking that the only important jobs are the 'glamour' jobs, or at least the white-collar jobs —the executive jobs.

But the essential work of the world isn't done by jazz-band leaders, and radio and movie stars, or even by bond salesmen, and our more than three hundred thousand doctors and lawyers. It is done by the man with the hoe or the hammer, by the women who care for those men and their children and homes, and by millions of other men and women who range from the teacher's desk to the more coveted desks littered with phones and push buttons.

The fellow with a future isn't often the one who scorns what he is doing at present. He's the man who thinks his job is important, and so goes on to ever more important jobs.

It isn't your job that counts, but what you do in your job. Wouldn't you rather be *you*, John Smith, than Adolf Hitler?

We all want to fly, but few of us want to tighten bolts. Yet without men to build and repair planes, and men to bring fuel, the flyer is as earthbound as they, and it isn't important whether we have fifty thousand pilots or five.

I can ruin my morning's work by asking: 'What's the use of this in a civilisation that may be crumbling about our ears?' I can make the morning glad, and the work good, by answering: 'Civilisation won't crumble while we all do our jobs. How do I know that mine isn't one of the most important jobs in the world?'

CHANNING POLLOCK, *This Week*, U.S.A.

L'après-midi d'un Foreign Office Faune

(After Swinburne)

When the foreign envoy his steps retraces,
Who spoke with Fascists in sweet accord,
One sees how well, on a friendly basis,
The pre-war footing may be restored;
Where gentle pressure has been exerted
The breach is healed and the slip averted,
And the cliché sounds in the windy places
While shady avenues are explored.

One feels firm rulers should be befriended,
And subjects guided by powers above,
So olive branches should be extended,
One flies the kite and sets free the dove.
Some hasty matches are ill-assorted,
The new love's wed; but the old love's courted
Till the new world's made and the old world mended
By the flabby hand in the velvet glove.

How can we sing to them, what can we play to them,
The Moslem belt and the Latin Block?
How can we bolster them, what can we pay to them,
How can we soften the Bolshevik shock?
How Axis lovers to tame and tether,
Keep the Left apart and the Right together,
How much can we keep and how much give away to them,
Nor risk a split on the Soviet rock?

One builds afresh on the old foundations,
One dallies hidden from prying eyes,
One seeks improvements of strained relations
With old attachments, the foe's allies,
With the lords of Spain, and the royal Bulgar,
With the kings of Islam (but not the vulgar)
While treating with well-rewarded patience
The prince that follows, the Shah that flies.

SAGITTARIUS in
The New Statesman and Nation

QUESTING MINDS

Slapping a Bear

In a light little craft, I was taking motion pictures of a polar bear swimming from one iceberg to another. I was perched in the prow, leaning forward, the camera sight pressed to one eye, the other shut. Bob Peary, son of the man who first reached the North Pole, was in the stern, paddling.

'Look out!' yelled Bob suddenly.

I pulled my eye from the finder. Our bear, instead of paddling along placidly a dozen feet ahead, had turned. He was tired of the game. With three strokes of his great legs he was all but aboard us.

Actually, he had turned on his back almost under me, his hind legs reaching for the bottom of the boat, his huge forepaws raised to smack the prow—and me, and whatever else was reachable. One swipe of those mighty arms and sharp claws would have cracked the frail craft wide open, to say nothing of what it would have done to me.

The knock out: there's no denying it, I was surprised and frightened. But in the sudden emergency, instinct acted. I yelled. And with my free hand I slapped that half-ton white monster right across the snout, as hard as I could. It was with my open palm, and I remember—afterward—how it hurt!

The bear was as surprised as I was scared. If a bear's eyes can bulge, his did. They were looking right into mine. There was resentful astonishment in them. No one ever before had slapped a polar bear in the face. It just wasn't done. He didn't like it.

The big paws dropped, their claws not even scratching the boat's side. With a grunt of disgust the bear paddled away.

This Week

The Future in the Air

The moment when Air Power can reach across oceans as easily as it now bridges narrower waters will mark the final elimination of Sea Power as a primary element in warfare. The rate at which aviation is expanding its range under the impetus of the war leaves no doubt in the minds of aeronautical experts that the Atlantic will be wide open to the full fury of aerial assaults from one shore to the other within two or three years. It is generally conceded that technically it is already possible to bomb America—or for America to bomb an enemy—across the ocean. Our own Douglas B-19 with its range of nearly 8,000 miles, and the Martin flying boat now being designed for far greater distances, hint at the potentialities of massive long-range bombing in the near future.

In my carefully considered view, the ultimate round-the-world range of 25,000 miles—enabling a nation to strike at any point of the globe in any direction—is at most five years away. When that is achieved, there will remain no major tactical task heretofore entrusted to navies which has not been swallowed up by aviation.

So far as direct offensive initiative against enemy soil is concerned, the role of navies has not merely been diminished—it has been ended. Only nations and regions without proper air defences are still in any measure vulnerable to naval attack.

The grip of clichés on the mind of man is not easy to break. In England, as in our own country, the notion that 'the country's chief defence is its navy' has acquired the force of a commandment handed down from Mount Sinai. Doubtless it is being repeated through sheer habit in the British Isles now, even while Air Power is so strikingly their main reliance at this juncture. But we need only imagine the R.A.F. out of commission—not a ship could then reach England, for all that the Admiralty could do. The approaches would be as Nazi-dominated from the air as the Skagerrak and Kattegat Straits. Not a battleship could survive under the roof of enemy aviation long enough to interfere with German plans for invasion or for unhampered annihilation of England without benefit of invasion.

There will no longer be any warrant in common sense for carrying striking power across the ocean to an enemy slowly, by battleship, when it can be carried faster, more cheaply and more effectively by battleplane. In any case the battleship would be unable to perform this strategic errand unless and until Air Power cleared the skies over the ocean of enemy planes and maintained a canopy of overhead protection for the fleet. The latest capital ships being built by our Navy cost about $100,000,000 each—a sum that could pay for the construction of 250 bombers capable of flying to a European target, dropping their explosive loads, and returning. Since each of the 250 could carry at least twenty tons of explosives—as much as forty German Stuka dive-bombers now deliver—their striking power would be equal to 10,000 Stukas. Since the raid

on Coventry or the worst single raid on London involved only some 500 bombers, this in turn is roughly equivalent to nearly a month of such raids! Such, in simple arithmetic, is the economic equivalent in Air Power of a single capital ship.

It has been estimated that the British Isles need 25,000 tons of imported foodstuffs daily. Five hundred planes like the B-19 modified for transport, designed to carry fifty tons each, could keep the islands supplied more expeditiously than any surface ships and would, moreover, be accompanied by their own defences against raiders. The inexcusable fact that mass aviation transports are not available can be traced primarily to the ingrained intolerance of the naval mind in Britain, as elsewhere, against encroachments on its traditional functions.

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY,
in *The American Mercury*

No Cooling Sun

NOT long ago it used to be thought that the Sun was continually cooling and the planets with it. What the Earth now is, it used to be said, Mars must have been in the not very remote past and Venus will be in the not very remote future. If the Earth is the only planet on which life now exists, Mars may nevertheless be the planet of spent life and Venus the planet of life yet to come. Our recently acquired knowledge of stellar structure and stellar evolution requires a substantial modification of this view. The Sun obtains its energy from subatomic re-arrangement of its substance, light elements combining to form heavy ones, but so long as the supply of light elements does not give out entirely, the effect of these chemical changes on the Sun's mechanical structure and on its outpouring of energy is extremely slight. Thus Mars must have had its present chilly temperature since those remote days when it was still warmed by the heat it had brought from the Sun, and Venus will retain its present heat until the Sun's supply of light elements becomes used up and it collapses into a cooler and smaller 'white dwarf'. This being so, the idea that life can progress along the planetary sequence is probably illusory. The Earth is the planet of life because it is at the right distance from the Sun, but there is no justification for thinking either that life of the kind we know on Earth once existed on Mars or that it will in due course appear on Venus; these planets are at the wrong distance from the Sun.

SIR JAMES JEANS in *Nature*

Strike Slowly!

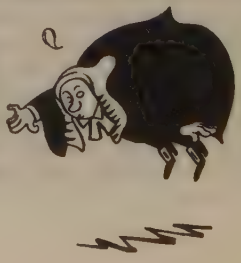
I BELIEVE faulty striking is far more common than anglers realise. When a fish takes a fly honestly and properly a certain time interval must elapse between the actual disappearance of the fly and the tightening of the line, which is the strike. This time interval may be so brief as to be hardly noticeable or it may be as long as six, eight, or even ten seconds. Unless one has timed the interval correctly the odds are against hooking the fish and probably on the angler declaring that the fish rose short.

Naturally everything depends on the way in which the trout takes the fly—and I am now referring to trout feeding on surface fly. A big fish is more leisurely in his feeding habits as a rule than a small one, and so a big fish needs more time. Similarly the faster the current the quicker the fly comes along and the quicker the trout must be in its action. Then duns can, and do, flutter off the surface of the water and escape, so trout always take them more quickly than they do spinners, which cannot. Thus it is that one needs to strike much more slowly when the fish are taking spinners in the evening than when they are feeding on the duns in the afternoon. The length of line out and its straightness or otherwise are also important factors to consider, while there cannot be the slightest doubt that on different days, and even on different times of the same day, the individual angler's reaction varies in speed. Sometimes there is but a short time lag between the stimulus of seeing the rise and the reaction of striking; but on other occasions the time lag is much longer.

All these are factors with which one must reckon, for failure to do so will probably mean that the strike is timed incorrectly and the fish is blamed.

Game and Gun

THE LIVELY

Author, Title, Theatre	*Players*	*Plot*		*Verdict*
Lynne Dexter Other People's Houses Ambassador's	*Marie Lohr*, Rene Ray, Derek Blomfield, *Olive Walter*, Henry Edwards, *Esme Cannon*, Phyllis Dare	Hilarious and amorous goings-on among evacuees and their hosts		You can't hel laughing
A. J. Cronin Jupiter Laughs New	Claude Bailey, Rosemary Scott, *James Mason*, *Raymond Lovell*, Norman Pitt, Peggy Bryan, Beatrice Varley, Lynn Evans, Grace Arnold, Penny Baker	Caddish young medical genius realises through death of saintly fiancée that Christianity in China is better than filthy lucre in England		My! What lon speeches!
Afinogenev Distant Point Westminster	Arthur Hambling, Guy Verney, Maria Britnieva, *Esme Percy*, Christopher Willard, *Edmund Willard*, *Mary Morris*, Josephine Wilson	Doomed Red Army General changes life of tiny railway station, infusing local people with new faith		Sincere but cru
A. J. Cronin, Rodney Acland, Lance Comfort Hatter's Castle Paramount (Carlton Theatre, London)	*Robert Newton*, *Deborah Kerr*, James Mason, *Emlyn Williams*, *Enid Stamp - Taylor*, Henry Oscar	Victorian megalomaniac hatter ruins himself and family, but daughter reaches happy end		Story too mel dramatic in sp —direction a acting brillia
Our Wife Columbia Pictures	Ruth Hussey, Melvyn Douglas, Ellen Drew, Charles Coburn	Scientist girl gets composer in spite of his ex-wife's attempt to blackmail him into reconciliation by fake accident		Featherweight

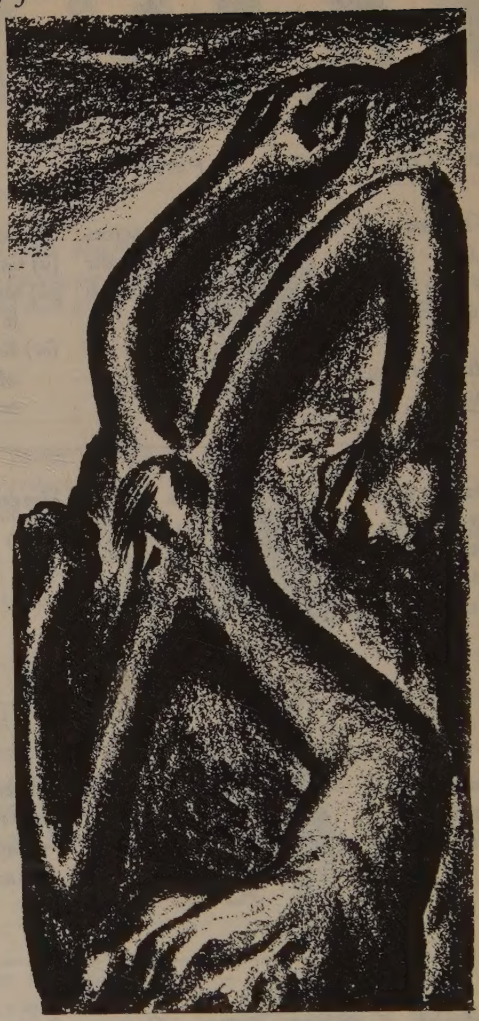
ARTS

BEING A WORLD REVIEW GUIDE TO STAGE AND SCREEN

Author, Title, Theatre	*Players*	*Plot*		*Verdict*
Hitler's Dream oo for One ncident in a Moscow telegraph office oviet frontiers on the Danube	Anonymous Russian actors, Russian soldiers and the people of Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina	(i) Good comedy (ii) Good melodrama (iii) Music-halls would call it a 'blackout' joke (iv) Russian occupation of former Rumanian territories		Some of it brilliant, some of it dull. Dubbing good
ames Hadley Chase, Arthur Macrae, Val Guest Get a Load of This Hippodrome	Vic Oliver, Celia Lipton, Albert Lieven, Valerie White, Iris Lockwood, Jack and Daphne Barker, Jeanne Ravel, the *Cairoli Brothers*	Murders in a Night-Club		Plot shameless echo of Wonderbar, dialogue fake American slang, music tuneless, gags ancient and stupid, crooners uniformly voiceless — will run a year
Kenneth Horne ove in a Mist t. Martin's	*Marjorie Rhodes, Richard Bird*, Ann Todd, *Lionel Gadsden*, Michael Shepley, Anna Konstam	Married and unmarried lovers encounter bed-complications in fog-bound Exmoor cottage		Faintly amusing trifle
Tom, Dick and Harry .K.O. Pictures	*Ginger Rogers, George Murphy*, Alan Marshal, *Burgess Meredith*	Romantic telephone operator gets engaged to three men, dreams about them and marries one		Kanin's direction, Ginger's acting first-class—film enchants without lasting impression
outh American George Columbia	George Formby, Linden Travers, Enid Stamp-Taylor, Felix Aylmer, *Jacques Brown*	George acts own double, proves banjo better than high-C		Disarmingly inane

A Picture Gallery for the Axis

From the Baltic to the Black
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH



The Octopus—COLLIER'S WEEKLY

The Awakening Giant
LOS ANGELES TIMES

'*Oh Honourable Aryan Brother, won't you join us?*'—
ARTHUR SZYK

(*He did.* EDITOR.)

CORRESPONDENCE CROSS-SECTION

And these our Future Editors!

PEOPLE are wondering what punishment has been meted out to the reporters and press photographers who held British journalism up to ridicule by their methods at Newhaven in connection with the so-called mercy ships. A photo worth publishing should almost speak for itself, but no, a German prisoner who holds his head up must be 'arrogant'; if he obviously has had his jaw shot away he is depressed (unconscious humour this). And I suppose these reporters are our future editors and sub-editors, etc.

A. G. DYCE,
London, S.W.1

Farmer versus Atlantic Charter?

MANY Conservatives and Labour Party members are pledged to support the British farmer after the war. Does this mean that they oppose the Atlantic Charter? How can they stop the inflow of cheap foreign foodstuffs, and at the same time recognise point 4? Unilever, Imperial Chemicals, etc., will certainly not give their sanction or their influence to uphold 'access to raw materials' on equal terms. Methinks I have heard before this cry of 'lands fit for heroes to live in'. Capitalism has nothing new to offer the people. Socialism alone is capable of achieving that happy state.

J. CLARK,
Brentwood

Excelsior! Hibernia!

THE present Irish Government appear to be 'playing for time'—either consciously or unconsciously—and 'Time' wasted can be a very dangerous thing in these times.

Surely some effort should be made to rouse them from this mental inertia before it becomes perhaps too late? Irish people in all parts of the world have this thought at the back of their minds.

America's entry into the war might lead to an American occupation of Ireland, as a base for the Battle of the Atlantic. As Mr. Bernard Shaw said recently: 'An American occupation of Eire? There is plenty of room in Eire for Americans with lots of money to spend. We Irish have occupied America so extensively, that we can hardly refuse a return visit!' This might prove to be the *answer* to the 'Irish Question' and lay the foundations for a post-war settlement in common with the rest of the world, and in common with an Anglo-American World Alliance.

This is *not* a series of national wars, but an International struggle for Civil Liberty (and for *Social* Democracy).

It would greatly relieve the minds of many young Irishmen now serving in His Majesty's forces, both at home and overseas, to know that their homes and dear ones had *adequate* protection from the Nazi barbarians.

It was recently announced that forty-six Eire airmen had won fifty-five decorations between them, including one V.C. Surely these loyal Irishmen are worthy of greater consideration than they receive at present from their own government?

One useful method could be by the use of a direct wireless appeal to the Irish people, warning them of their dangers, and emphasising the strategic importance of their territory in the Battle of the Atlantic, and *the part* that it is their *duty* to play in this *Fight for Freedom*.

'PATRICK' (R.A.F.)

Wake Up, America!

HAVING during the past year been hammering away at various sections of the Press, both daily and weekly, by means of letters to the effect that America, because she botched the League of Nations, should have long ago been told that she could conduct the *next* German war *per se*, I rejoice to read the forceful and pointed article under the above heading. I rejoice the more to find therein a point made by my aforesaid letters, namely that the Americans are quickened rather than retarded by plain speaking, confirmed by a leading American editor. Barring a suggestion on my part that isolation has ruined Europe, I do not see that anything more can be added to Edward Hulton's article. Good luck to *World Review*.

O. NEWBOLD, Christchurch, Hants

Will You Help?

BEFORE being called up for service with the R.A.F. I was a regular reader of the *World Review*, but now much regret that I am not in a position to purchase it. I greatly miss your fine review, and I am wondering if any of your subscribers have offered through you to send their own copies, when finished with, to members of H.M. Forces.

1085334, A/C LEE, G.A.,
The Station Armoury, S.H.Q., R.A.F.,
Cardington, Beds.

The Woman's Handbag

I HAVE read with respectful agreement the article by Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P. I suggest for her consideration that I, a mere man, have a dozen pockets in a suit, while a woman has not one pocket to hold a handkerchief, or even to hold a railway ticket or a sixpence. She must carry a clumsy handbag to hold everything, and must fumble among the contents to find the sixpence at the bottom. Fifty years ago, in the time of the *Review of Reviews*, she had pockets. The suffragettes very rightly obtained votes for women. I now suggest 'Pockets for Women'.

H. B. DEVEY, Wimbledon

God in Oxford

THE other day one of my friends handed me a copy of your magazine, and requested that I should give it a fair reading, in order to give him my opinion of it.

Having done so, I feel hardly satisfied in telling him how pleased I was to have had this opportunity, and I am therefore writing to you in order to express my deep appreciation of your publication. Not only was I thrilled with the variety of matter contained in its pages, but was deeply moved by the inclusion of Mr. Riddle's article: 'God in Oxford'.

May I take this opportunity of congratulating you heartily for your wisdom and understanding in giving this article space? I cannot tell you how inspired I felt to learn what the writer had to say concerning the attitude of present-day Oxford undergraduates. This news of a 'stirring' in the hearts of intellectual young men and women augurs well for the future.

E. J. WILLIAMS, Downend, Bristol

The People and the 'Masses'

ACCORDING to you, Mr. J. B. Priestley crystallises a new idea. Teeming industrial populations tend to develop a mass psychology founded on ignorance and bias. They become partial and unfair in their judgments on home and foreign politics, and of course religion.

And then, who are the 'people'? The comparatively few thoughtful manual workers, and the best of the middle class. In the South of England that I am most familiar with, it is astonishing how few working men read good books. Quite good fellows have said: 'I never read books'. The evening paper, perhaps, and Sunday's issue.

How many, I wonder, have a knowledgeable interest in foreign affairs at the present time: in the Balkans, in Poland, in Prussia, in North Africa, and the rest? Not many, I fear. History and geography evoke no interest in the mass mind.

The masses are keen enough on dog and horse racing and sport generally. The more careless haunt the pubs up to closing time. Their gardens and dwellings are ill-kept. Broken windows are common; their children are untidy and up late. They never take interest in lectures, classes, rambling clubs or study circles. U. Extension, W.E.A.'s, Adult Schools, Public Libraries, C.E.M.S., Church and Chapel know them not.

Sit at meals in a mess-house on a new building, as I have done, and the talk that goes round is never intellectual.

Seventy years of elementary education is but a veneer which peels off after fourteen or fifteen. The brighter boys, who enter the secondary schools, when they enter the ranks of the 'people', not only turn their backs on the masses—in most cases—but concentrate not on *how to live* but on that £4 or more per week.

It is where democracies fail. Representative government and a cross to a name is not nearly enough. It is the measure of service, as against self-interest, that counts.

How to get the masses—and the people—to *live* at their highest is a post-war problem the Church is not likely to solve; and I am afraid will prove too hard a task for Parliament in face of our multitude of vested interests.

J. S. RAINER,
Bournemouth

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